JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

n you drink a Bed-time Beverage – *drink the* Best *!*

OVALTINE
is
Supremely
High in Quality
and
Supremely
Economical in use

Consider these outstanding advantages

1. SCIENTIFIC PERFECTION: 'Ovaltine' represents perfection in a food beverage—the result of prolonged research by recognised experts in the science of nutrition.

2. SUPREME QUALITY: 'Ovaltine' excels in quality. Its constituents—malt, milk and eggs—conform to the highest standards set by the world-famous 'Ovaltine' Egg and Dairy Farms. No other manufacturer of a food beverage takes such exceptional measures to guarantee quality.

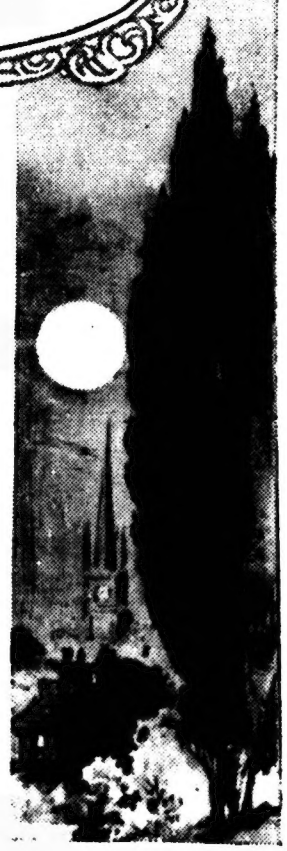
3. EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTIES: 'Ovaltine' has remarkable nerve-restoring properties which make it pre-eminent as a bed-time beverage. This abundant nerve-building nutriment is derived from the new-laid eggs so liberally used in 'Ovaltine.' No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.

4. UNRIVALLED ECONOMY: 'Ovaltine' is most economical. The 1/1d. tin makes 24 cupfuls of delicious concentrated nourishment. The larger sizes are even more economical.

TO-DAY—as always—'Ovaltine' is acknowledged to be the world's best bed-time beverage. Its superiority is supported by a huge volume of unsolicited testimony. Many of these letters come from doctors.

"'Ovaltine' was the only agent I could rely on to produce sleep," writes one doctor. "'Ovaltine' is the ideal night-cap," says another. "I have found 'Ovaltine' of inestimable benefit," is yet another typical appreciation.

You, too, will find that a bed-time cup of 'Ovaltine' will bring sound sleep every night. Even more important—it will improve the *quality* of your sleep and make it completely restorative and refreshing. Drink 'Ovaltine' to-night—and every night—and look forward to morning freshness and radiant vitality.



Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3.

Drink delicious 'OVALTINE'—and note the Difference!

P454A

STREET DRAMA

A WORKMAN was busy on some scaffolding. Suddenly the air was rent by piercing screams, and there, framed in a window of the house opposite, was a woman with her clothes in flames. The man ran to her aid and quickly extinguished the flames. She was then rushed to the hospital, but, despite every attention, she later died from her extensive injuries.

It was revealed that, while she was bending over the fireplace in her kitchen, the flames caught her dress.

This, in brief, was the tragic fate that befell Mrs. Mary Watson, of 27, Wood Street, Blyth.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT AID.

As Mrs. Watson was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing other accident benefits, "John Bull" is the **ONLY paper in the world to** safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£779 7s. 0d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £779 7s. 0d. to registered readers or their dependants.

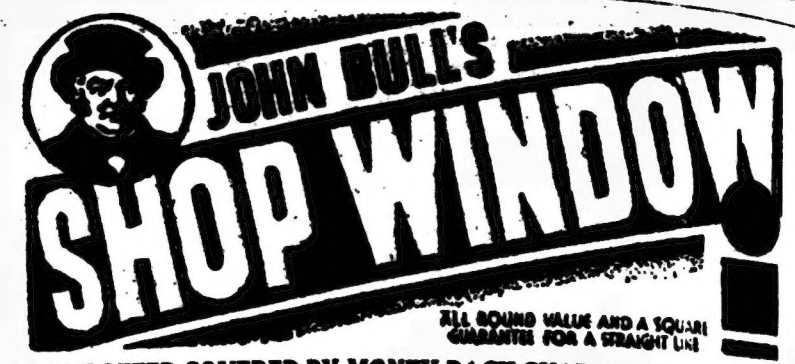
FRIEND-IN-NEED.

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives one an additional sense of protection, for you know, as well as I do, how in our daily round we are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers, and it's a great relief and comfort to know that if misfortune does come our way—"John Bull" will prove our truest friend in need—a friend to whom we can turn, confident of ready and open-handed assistance.

ACT NOW.

Family life cannot hold any real happiness and contentment without its full measure of security. What I would like to emphasise is that "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to provide this essential Security.

If you have not yet registered for this unique Security Gift, use the forms on page 33 NOW.



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 23

SOUTH WESTERN SALE!
1939 CASH SALE
GARAGES from 5/-
LEAN-TO SHEDS from 2/-
IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD
DELIVERED FREE, KING & QUEEN
SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD.
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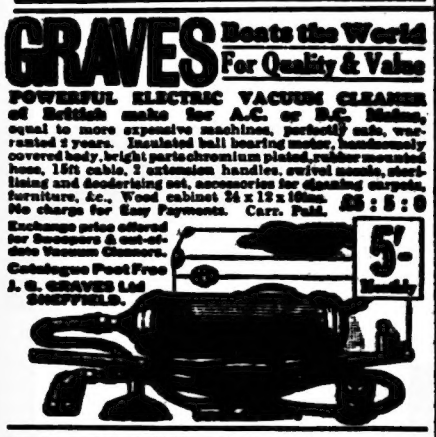
FREE
BOOK OF RUGS & WOOL SAMPLES
Contains 100 New Rug Designs in colours; shows how we supply complete Rug-making Outfits with Wool cut ready to put into the canvas and Patent Rug Hook. Write now, send 3d. stamps for postage, etc. To—
READICUT WOOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 121), OSSETT, YORKS.


GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value
POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains, equal to more expensive machines, perfect in suction, guaranteed 2 years. Insulated ball bearing motor, handsomely covered body, bright parts chromium plated, rubber mounted hose, 18ft cable, 3 extension handles, swivel nozzle, sterilising and deodorising set, accessories for cleaning carpets, furniture, &c., Wood cabinet 24 x 12 x 10ins. £5:5:0
No charge for Easy Payments. Carr. Paid.
Exchange prices offered for Goodyears & out-of-date Vacuum Cleaners.
Catalogue Post Free
J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD.
5/- Monthly

SOMETHING NEW IN CYCLE VALUE
My new lists show the most amazing bargains from 57/6 cash, or terms. Send a postcard for the finest free Cycle Catalogue of the year, also Coupon for FREE accessories.
EDWD. O'BRIEN, LTD.
Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO EARN MORE
BE A SPARE TIME AGENT FOR US AND GET—
LIBERAL COMMISSION.
New Spring Art Catalogue Free.
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF GOODS.
No "draw." No taking turns.
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Stationery supplied free.
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Generous supply of samples allowed.
FAIREST OF EASY TERMS.
You do not need ten or twenty members.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
BESSANTS OF LEICESTER 1911 TO 1939 28 YEARS

SAVE £8
2 YEARS
TERMS FROM 1/9 WEEKLY.
A genuine bargain opportunity to obtain a famous make of Accordion, AT HALF MARKED LIST PRICES.
HAROLD ROSSAIN, ANTONIO ROCCA.
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And 2/- in the £ reductions. DEAL or CEDAR. Write for full details. All in sections, easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid.
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Increase your Sales by this Proved Method.
Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" 'Shop Window' will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?
For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to:—
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The express sways and roars through the darkness . . . coffee in the dining car's softly shaded lights . . . impossible to realise you're travelling at a mile a minute nearly 100 feet below the bed of the sea. . . . All the way to Paris by train may soon be possible via the proposed new £50,000,000 Channel Tunnel which is described in "Armchair Science." You mustn't miss these fascinating articles:—Hunting the Bunker; The Confidence Ring; Astrology—Science or Quackery?; By Submarine to the North Pole, etc., etc. 160 pages, 28 articles and features, 50 photographs, drawings and diagrams. Make sure of your copy to-day!
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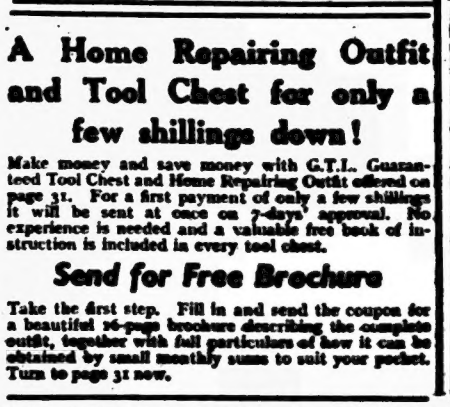
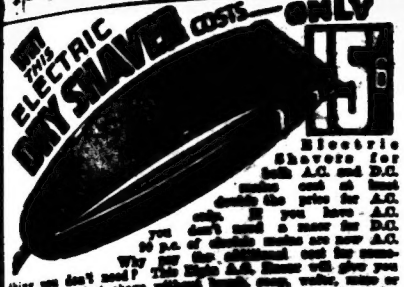
SKIN TROUBLES
THE New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.
Send for Free Sample!
Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.


A Home Repairing Outfit and Tool Chest for only a few shillings down!
Make money and save money with G.T.I. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit offered on page 31. For a first payment of only a few shillings it will be sent at once on 7-days' approval. No experience is needed and a valuable free book of instruction is included in every tool chest.
Send for Free Brochure
Take the first step. Fill in and send the coupon for a beautiful 16-page brochure describing the complete outfit, together with full particulars of how it can be obtained by small monthly sums to suit your pocket. Turn to page 31 now.

Don't overlook these Wonderful
HALF-PRICE BARGAINS
Amazing Offer to John Bull readers.
★1/- DOWN SECURES CHOICE OF 4 ATTRACTIVE FROCKS
HERE'S fashion's newest thrill featuring the new-fitted waist—Tyrolean Model frocks that are attractive in beautiful floral patterns or French stripe. Turn to the Book Cover now. Any of the models illustrated can be secured for 1/- down and the balance of 2/- monthly until the bargain price of only 9/11, plus 9d. postage, is paid. Be sure to complete the coupon carefully, giving colour, size and length. Write clearly, giving your name and full postal address. Use the coupon and pin 1/- postal order to it. A big free catalogue will also be sent on request. Send your order at once!

BUY THIS ELECTRIC SHAVER COSTS— ONLY 15/-



Electric Shavers for both A.C. and D.C. mains sent at least possible price for A.C. only. If you have A.C. you don't need a mains for D.C. or 40 p.c. of double mains are now A.C. Why pay the additional cost for mains thing you don't need? This triple A.C. Shaver will give you the quick perfect shave without brush, soap, water, lotion or skin scrimmage. No moving contacts to irritate or lubricate with razor. self-sharpening permanent cutters. Handsome chrome finish. Absolutely complete ready to plug in and shave. Fully guaranteed 12 months. Send P.O. 15/6, plus 6d. post and packing, stating A.C. voltage (give mains). Satisfaction or money back if returned within 7 days.

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CARPET BARGAINS

9/- Per Pound. Special Offer is made to John Bull readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/-, we will forward direct from our looms one of our 27 inch Remnants of Quality Heavy Pile Carpets, suitable for Dining, Sitting and Bedroom use, hand-sewn by experienced workmen, in 20 Trendy patterns and fashionable shades of Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

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FREE BUILDINGS and all in the Reductions. DEAL OR CEDAR. Write for details. All in sections, easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid. FREE catalogues.

GREENHOUSES from £1 10s.
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GARAGES from £6 6s.

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½- Chenille 2½d. Knop 2½d. oz. Quickmitting 2½d. Crepe 3½d. Crochet 2½d. oz. Angora 3d. Ball. Sports 2d. oz. Write Dept. C.3, for 1,000 samples at Sale prices.

BLACK TURKISH RUG 9½d. lb. Coloured 1/2. Thrums 6½d. Whites 1/6½d. Silky Cable 2/3. Canvas 2½d. yd. Write Dept. P.3 for 500 samples.

FREE 1/- RUG BOOK.

SCOTIAWOOLS, LTD., 123, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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GET that SUTCLIFFE StoreSHED NOW!

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Carriage Paid. Delivered on first payment.

Size	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 p/m.
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No. 3	10ft.	6ft.	7ft.	£3 0 0 — 7/6
No. 4	12ft.	6ft.	7ft.	£5 5 0 — 9/10

Send for Free Catalogue. Garages 72/-, Greenhouses 52/-, Aviaries 63/-, Workshops 56/-, Poultry Cabins 52/-, Fencing 3/- per yd., Kennels 57/-, Asbestos Garages £5 15s., Rustic Arches 30/-, etc.

S. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 52, Wood Top, Golden Bridge, Yorkshire. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1

GENUINE LONDON DOCKER'S TROUSERS 5/-

Another of our remarkable bargains! Genuine London Dockers' Trousers, only very slightly worn. Navy blue serge, thoroughly cleaned and pressed, and in fine condition. Reinforced seams, very strongly sewn. All fitted with new velvet facings. Ideal for all men requiring a Garment for real hard wear and service. All sizes, 30 to 46in. waist, usual leg lengths. These previously were made under contract, and being in fine condition and only slightly worn, are only very rarely available. P.O. Jackets to match, 5/6, or complete suit 10/6, post 6d. Order to-day with every confidence. Cash back if in any way dissatisfied.

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ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 23

17/6

FOUR-WAY BED-CHAIR

6ft. long when extended, 2ft. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Cat. J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carr. & Pack., E. & W., 2/6.

1. Easy Chair
2. Lounge Chair
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Of course you do! And quite right, too! More money for clothes, for holidays, for the home, for pleasures, and to put aside for a "rainy day"—and here's an easy way to get it. Fill in your name and address and post the coupon for full particulars of how you can make at least £2—and up to £5 and more in a very pleasant way which takes only a few minutes' spare time each week.

It's simple, it's easy, it's enjoyable, and, above all, it's profitable.

Thousands of "Worldwide" Club Organisers are making extra money at this happiest of hobbies. No selling or canvassing to do, no samples to carry, and everything you require is provided free.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY!

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Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money For You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

J.B.47 .....

Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.

BANKRUPT STOCK

HIGH POWER TELESCOPES

ONLY 750 FOR DISPOSAL

4/9 POST 6d.

Amazing value even at many times our price, this long-range telescope gives perfect vision over many miles, in fact it is possible to READ NAME OF SHIPS MILES AWAY. Scientifically ground and adjusted lenses giving high magnification. Fitted four firm burnished BRASS extensions.

Scientifically Perfect for Field, Aero and Marine Use.

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We want to pay you £5 a week—and more—as a JOHN ENGLAND TRUST CLUB HOLDER. Every turn FIRST turn—no waiting. Bargains from 2/6 to £8. All goods delivered on agreement of first subscription, carriage free. No charge for credit. All postages paid. NO DEPOSIT: first clothing season. 20 weeks to pay and only 2 shares needed to start. Here is your opportunity—post coupon below for full particulars.

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JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB, Wembley, Middlesex.

This STAINLESS POTATO PEELER FREE

We will give ABSOLUTELY FREE A STAINLESS POTATO PEELER value 1/6 to all sending for this modern quick action British made Potato Chipper. Chips Potatoes like lightning evenly and cleanly—NO WASTE. THIRTY cut in the time it takes to do one by hand. The Chipper is strongly made, ALL METAL, and apart from its usefulness to every Housewife is invaluable in CAFES, RESTAURANTS, HOTELS, BOARDING HOUSES, FISH SHOPS, etc. Money back if not entirely satisfied. Send P.O. 2/3 (including postage).

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THE WORLD BY YOUR FIRESIDE

COLUMBUS GLOBE 1939 MODEL UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

This fine big globe (13½in. diameter) will help you to follow the stirring events of the day. It shows the new European frontiers resulting from the Munich agreement, the new Italian Empire in Africa, etc. Dominions and Colonies are shown in the same colour as the Mother-country. You need a Columbus Globe and you can have it for 3/- down and 14 monthly payments of 3/- (or £2.5.0 cash with order).

3/- DOWN

KAYARDO LTD., Dept. J.B., 25, Easton Street, London, W.C.1.

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

8/- DOWN brings a Riley "Home" Billiard Table that will ensure winter nights' enjoyment for the boys and all the family. Balance monthly. 7 Days' Free Trial. Write for Art List, which also shows Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

Write to-day for Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ARBOR WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 66/67, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

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"Size of a Sixpence Ear-phone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

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SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HILL, Ltd., Dept. L., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Station). Hours 10 to 6, Saturdays 10 to 1. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

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Two finest British pure White All Wool Yorkshire Blankets of lovely texture, blue borders, whipped ends, 66x88in; 5lb pr. Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 70 x 90in, 5½lb pair. Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in. Two Grey Condenser Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90 in. 4½lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 72x94in. Car. Paid 80/- or 4/2 monthly. Write for illustrated Catalogue Free.

4½ MONTHLY

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED

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Write at once for Free Catalogue of three amazing buildings! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., in Beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting. Prices from 22/-. Easy Terms. Free Delivery—all clear. Send NOW to the Cedar Specialists: E. H. HALL & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 607, Paddock Wood, KENT

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LOOK OUT
ON
WEDNESDAY
for
this cover in full colours by
Gilbert Wilkinson

WEDNESDAY

THE GREAT NEW FAMILY WEEKLY

WEDNESDAY NEXT! MARCH 1st! Another Odhams triumph! No. 1 of the biggest and most dazzling twopenny FAMILY weekly the world has ever known—"ILLUSTRATED"! THREE papers in one—64 BIG pages—gloriously printed in rich photogravure—glowing with colour—with a cover in FULL colours by Gilbert Wilkinson. This is the first weekly to offer the public such stupendous value for twopence. The demand for "ILLUSTRATED" on Wednesday will be so tremendous that it will sell out within a few hours—in fact, hundreds of thousands have already placed orders with their newsagents for this great new weekly. Make sure of getting No. 1 by asking your newsagent now to reserve your copy for you.

Look at the wonderful array of features in this big new-style *magazine*. Was there ever such value for twopence? First of all, there is a great photographic section—20 fascinating pages of pictures—alive—human—daring—absorbing.

NEXT, a superb HUMOUR SECTION in which you will find the cream of the greatest humorous artists—8 WHOLE PAGES of it—scintillating with the cleverest wit—scores of drawings—many in colour—in fact, a complete and incomparable laughter-magazine which alone is worth the price of the whole paper!

THEN, a great article about HITLER, by WINSTON CHURCHILL—SIX absorbing stories written exclusively for "Illustrated" by such famous authors as HANNEN SWAFFER, P. C. WREN, S. L. BENSUSAN & PETER CHEYNEY.

"Illustrated" is the ideal family weekly at last!—A wonderful new idea in weekly journalism. There will be an unprecedented rush for this wonderful new weekly. Ask your newsagent TO-DAY to supply you with No. 1 of "Illustrated" on Wednesday—you'll be really sorry if you miss it!

"ILLUSTRATED"

THE WONDERFUL NEW COLOUR-GRAVURE FAMILY WEEKLY ★ Every Wednesday 2D.

. . . when you light a De Reszke Minor and your palate re-discovers, as a new delight, the keen thrill of fine tobacco!

De Reszke MINORS

15 for 6d

The only sixpenny cigarette in ten for fourpenny size

10 FOR 4d. · 30 FOR 1/- · 60 FOR 2/- · In taste, quality & packing D. R. Minors are the equal of much dearer cigarettes; and although they cost only fourpence for ten they last the full ten minutes

For that leisure quarter of an hour—De Reszke Majors, 10 for 6d.

JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, February 25, 1939. 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. *Telephone:* TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Eden and Hudson to Join Cabinet

Mr. R. S. Hudson can afford to look pleased, for he'll soon walk into the Cabinet

The Premier respects this junior Minister, who is ready to sacrifice his political career for what he conceives to be the nation's interest.

Mr. Hudson—he's over fifty, but doesn't look it—headed the Government revolt last December.

Runciman Stops—

One of the criticised Cabinet Ministers was Lord Runciman. The Prime Minister acceded to some of the rebels' requests, but kept Lord Runciman.

He could scarcely do otherwise. Lord Runciman never wanted to leave the Cabinet when Mr. Chamberlain asked him to do so in 1937.

—And Goes

During the Czechoslovak crisis he handled his mediation job well, only to be robbed of success by forces beyond his control.

Step-back to the Cabinet was his reward.

But soon he may be out again. He's going to Australia for health reasons. When he returns, he may not continue in office. That would make room for Mr. Hudson.

Hopes of Eden

Another man who'll be in the Cabinet before the year is out is Mr. Anthony Eden.

He has never ruled out co-operation with Labour and Liberals in a "Popular Front." But what he really wants is to lead the Conservative Party.

Feeling His Way

He's now putting out feelers towards the Government. And Ministers want him back—before the General Election.

Mr. Eden has lost popularity through sitting on the fence too much since his resignation from the Foreign Office. But Conservative headquarters still think him their best electoral "draw."

Holiday Reminder

Enjoy the recent touches of summer weather? We hope they reminded the Government of holidays with pay.

We begin to wonder whether it was ever serious about that great reform.

No Pay!

If it is, it might do something about this:

There is one concern which has worked men for twenty years without a holiday. We have the men's names.

They can get a week off this summer, but only if they pay for it themselves.

Who are their employers? His Majesty's Office of Works!

B.B.C. Nods

Maybe it's sacrilegious to smile at the B.B.C. But someone in that majestic organisation seems to be dozing.

In a recent news bulletin the announcer put over a sensational statement by an Australian politician concerning the origin of the big bush fires.

Fact is, that statement was cabled when the fires were on—and reported in the British Press. The B.B.C. waited three weeks for it to arrive by mail—and then thought it was a hot-news story!

Keeping it Quiet

The Post Office is keeping quiet about a million pounds—money belonging to a million telephone subscribers.

They are people who entered into 'phone agreements before 1934. In those days you had to deposit £1 as a guarantee that you'd meet your bills.

But though that system has been scrapped, the P.O. still holds the money. What does it intend to do with it?

A.R.P. Bombshell

Our bright A.R.P. lads have had a terrible shock. They've just discovered that their steel shelters are going to be useless for hundreds of thousands of people.

Because in industrial towns throughout the North and Midlands most of the working population live in back-to-back houses, which have no gardens in which to erect the shelters.

Of 150,000 houses in Leeds, for example, nearly 70,000 are of the rotten back-to-back type.

Dig Deep!

Even where houses of this kind have a small bit of ground, pipes are so near the surface that the shelters can't be sunk two or three feet, as officially advised.

We told you last week that real bomb-proof concrete shelters will have to be dug. This latest fiasco will help to get them.

The Police Know

Scotland Yard knows the names of the two individuals who were the leaders of the Irish Republican Army battalions in Britain.

One is an attractive young woman, aged twenty-eight, and the other a professional man of some distinction.

The young woman is posted in police reports as "wanted," and will be arrested immediately she is found. The man's name has not yet been issued.

Both are believed to have escaped from the country.

Bad to Worse

Private reports reaching London from the West Indies prove that the situation there—particularly in Jamaica—is even worse than the ordinary news messages suggest.

So the Royal Commission now in the islands is speeding up its work and will begin to draw up its recommendation during the voyage home.

It is certain there will be one strong minority report signed by two members, and possibly a second minority opinion. Members of the Commission have been appalled by what they have learnt and seen of native conditions.

Short Commons

M.P.s may have to take a shorter summer holiday this year.

Usually they break up at the end of July and return at the end of October. But Government Whips are staggered by the enormous programme of legislation ahead, and the House may sit into August.

JOHN BULL can reveal the uncomfortable fact that the National Service appeal has been—in the language of the theatre — a flop."

Despite a month's intensive propaganda, there has been no rush of volunteers for any sphere of national emergency work.

rave Shortage

Worst returns are for the auxiliary re and first-aid services.

London, for example, needs 30,000 xiliary fire fighters. The number rolled is only 18,000.

Manchester required a total of 9,090 en for auxiliary fire services. Only 50 have enrolled. And so on.

anger

What does all this mean?

Well, we must remember that the luntary system is on trial.

If volunteers do not come forward ere will inevitably be a form of conription. That's the danger—and it's to the public to avert it.

urels for Robert

Arranging of Anglo-German trade lks is triumph for Mr. Robert Hudson, cretary for Overseas Trade. He backs nciliation with firmness.

When preliminary talks were hanging e, he bluntly announced that Britain uld hit back at unfair German trade thods. That brought the Germans und.

binet Seat

Next time Mr. Chamberlain reconucts the Cabinet he'll bring Mr. dson in.

What Next in Spain?

PEACE in Spain will put an end to at least some of the killing and the suffering going on in the world to-day.

It is no good crying now over the bitter wrongs and injustices inflicted upon the Spanish Government by the democratic Governments of Britain and France. That is spilt milk.

The Government fought with superb courage. Its leaders and its army have the admiration of all who love freedom. It has done its utmost for the great cause it represents. But what more could it do?

Fighting on would do nothing now except condemn to death more young men on both sides, and more civilians.

Therefore, let British diplomacy be active on behalf of lasting peace. Let Mr. Chamberlain not fear the taunts of his opponents. His Spanish policy has in the past been founded on an abominable injustice.

But if he can restore normal conditions it will be a good deed for which many Spaniards on both sides will bless him.

Let him use his great influence, and the great influence of Britain, to secure a peace of moderation and generosity, not one of vengeance and hatred.

Let him speak for all the humane and free nations by firmly saying that there should be an amnesty in Spain. For if there is no amnesty, but instead rule by the firing squad, then this will not be the last Spanish civil war.

We do not say: "Beg Franco to be merciful." We say: "Tell Franco that Britain is strong. Tell him that in her foreign policy she stands firmly for reconciliation, for understanding, for peace. Tell him that Britain will regard Governments with similar aims as those most deserving of her friendship and her help."

Voice of the People

I AM a coal dealer.

My round—my living—is going because I can't get coal.

The station yard that serves me has been full of empty trucks for days. My coal has been "on the way" for a week.

So bad is the position that another coalman has offered me a share of his business if I can supply him!

And there are miners out of work.—H. T., Stockport.

Postscript to this letter says: "There goes my doorbell for the seventh time to-day—and on a Sunday, too. And I can only say: "Sorry, no coal.'"

Banned from Work

There are parts of Britain where most of the jobs that are going are connected with rearmament.

Isn't it therefore damnable that such jobs should be closed to army reservists?

I am a reservist myself, and get 7s. a week. Unemployed, I asked for a job at an R.A.F. aerodrome and was delighted to be engaged.

But my happiness was cut short when I found myself followed by an Officer Commanding who, having asked whether I was a reservist and found that I was, said: "Well, it's no good you starting on Monday. No reservists are allowed in these jobs."—A. N., Dale Road, Spondon, Derby.

We have had many letters in this vein. Private employers have to surrender their reservists when war comes, and it seems incredible that the State seeks to avoid the difficulty by not employing them at all.

Tip for B.B.C.

Regular feature of one American broadcasting station is a "Find me a job, please." appeal by out-of-work men and women.

Jobs have been found not only for the people broadcasting, but others as well. Will the B.B.C. please copy?—W. Thornton, Eversholt Street, Euston, N.W.1.

B.B.C. promises to consider it.

Missing 'Phones

My friend left a two-guinea hat in a London taxicab, tried to ring the Metropolitan Police lost property office to see if it had been handed in, found the office wasn't on the 'phone.

So he made a fruitless journey to the outskirts of London.

There are plenty of out-of-work clerks. By engaging a few, a proper telephone service could be instituted for London's huge army of absent-minded people, who would willingly pay a few pennies extra for the service.—J. Lewis, College Road, Maidenhead.

Most of Britain's lost property offices are not on 'phone. Personal contact is necessary to ensure lost goods reaching right hands. Scandal is that opening hours are often such that many workers cannot visit them. For instance, office for property left on London tubes, trams and buses is open 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Mondays to Fridays only.

Do You Mumble?

If you were a 'bus conductor, as I am, you would realise what a nation of mumblers we are.

Every time I misunderstand a person and punch a wrong ticket I must pay for that wasted ticket out of my own wages. And many English people one just cannot understand, no matter how many times one asks them what they want.—John A. Thomas, 14, John Avenue Folly, Greenside, Ryton-on-Tyne.

Children abroad are taught, on learning English, that they will be faced with the problem that English people are afraid to use their lips.

Power of the Pen

Rumour-mongers have never been busier. So here's a way to check them.

Wait till they have passed on their poisonous gossip, and then pass them pencil and paper and ask them to put it into writing. Simple, but most efficacious.—R. R. Martinez, 23, St. John Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Special Branch detectives who have tried to trace harmful rumours to source have found invariably that they start as a truth or near truth. Touch of embellishment by this teller and that makes them, in the end, completely and wildly untrue. It is difficult to find a real culprit—and, in any case, rumour-mongering results from mere vanity.

Just wide enough for a man or mule is this ancient pack-horse bridge at Horner Woods, near Minehead, Somerset. Reader Winstone, of Bristol, photographed it while exploring Britain's pack-horse tracks.

We'd hate to see these picturesque old highways disappear, BUT—

Three-quarters of the motor roads of Britain have developed from these tracks, which used to wind round trees, ponds and other obstructions. Although those obstructions have disappeared, the twists and turns remain.

That's one reason why road casualties are so high.

They will continue high until road authorities straighten out the bends.

North v. South

"Voice of the People" is my weekly treat. What JOHN BULL readers have to say is my most important reading of the week. The little informative footnotes you add are a real source of knowledge.

But as a man who has never tried to get a letter used, I think I am entitled to ask: Why do letters from the south predominate? Is it because we bear our worries with less complaint in the hard-hit north?—Harold Haigh, 5, New Close, Slaithwaite, Huddersfield.

It is probably because more people live in the south, because a line drawn to divide England into an equal number of northerners and southerners would pass not far from Cambridge. Anyhow, we intend to hand a whole "Voice of the People" page over to northerners and subsequent page to southerners. And may the better half win!

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published and an extra* 10s. 6d. *if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.*

Youth Wants a Square Deal

Below are a few more of the hundreds of letters received following our clarion call to Youth.—"John Bull," Junior

NOW 22, I got my first job at 18, two years after leaving school.

It was as an assistant to a labourer. Anguished at having been a burden to my parents for so long, I was glad to take it.

I was caught up in an endless steel-plate coal-conveyor, and that ended that job.

Life has been one long misery since; just a round of dole, leaving home for a training centre, means test, leaving home at odd times in search of work, the means test again—and so back to the one place where I seem to belong, on my parents' hands.

Although I never go to church, I have the faith that matters. I have the will to work, too, but where does it get me?

I can only think that mine is a generation of the damned.—E. Thompson, Alice Street, South Shields, Durham.

* * *

YOUTH mustn't be too ambitious in the Civil Service.

It may result in a young man being sent away from home—to London probably. He'll receive £85 a year, £1 12s. 6d. a week.

Put his board at 25s., without food, fares, laundry and insurance at 7s. 6d., and he'll have precisely nothing for lunches, books, fares home, recreation, and so on.

Exhorted to "keep up the reputation of the Service," he will sink pride and seek parental aid.—Barry G. Syrett, Abbeville Road, Clapham Park, S.W.4.

* * *

ON two nights a week I have to work overtime. I have to attend night-school on three nights. My one free night is taken up with homework. I am 18.

Even then, I am much better off than young friends in the aircraft industry who, besides doing abnormal overtime, are forced to work on Saturday afternoons and Sundays against their will.

Young men are supposed to work shorter hours than used to be worked in industry. Because of that the pace is fiercer. It would be all right if hours really were fewer—but, with the excessive overtime now being demanded of young people, they are not.—W. Smith, Prince Edward Avenue, Oldham, Lancs.

I AM 18. I work on a farm. I love the land. My dream is to work up to bailiff or overman.

I know a bailiff who is helping me. A farmer, too. But where can it lead?

The State won't look after agriculture, so the land can't look after its own.

I can't foresee a day when I shall be able to marry. I can't afford the good food that hard work calls for. So, like many hundreds of thousands more, I shall probably be tempted to the big city.

The heart of thousands of us young lads lies in this soil. Can't we be given a chance?—P. A., Polesworth, near Tamworth, Staffs.

* * *

AS the firm was still paying me a youth's money, and this at 24, I bucked up courage to ask for more. I planned to get engaged.

Said the manager: "If you want a man's wages you'd better resign, go to another firm, and then come back to us. It is a question of once-a-boy-always-a-boy in industry to-day."

I compared notes with a brother, cousins and friends, and found how true it is.—H. B., Crawley, Sussex.

ROADHOGS ARE HAUNTED

declares Reader H. Wilson.

Some criminals of the roads escape the law, driving on and leaving their victims to suffer. But the roadhog cannot escape his conscience: as he lies awake at night, he must see again that crumpled figure on the road. . . .

It was natural that this thought should occur to Mr. H. Wilson, 21, Summerfield Road West, Todmorden, for his work includes teaching kiddies Safety First measures. So he wrote to JOHN BULL about it, and did so in the form of the striking *Bullet*, ON WENT THE CAR, BUT—DRIVER "REVISITS" SCENE NIGHTLY.

A big First Prize rewarded Mr. Wilson. Turn to page 39 and you may well win £300 and a FREE Easter Holiday with as telling a comment on some subject which interests our readers.

Without Fear or Favour

House buyers have won a big fight against bad building—and more victories will follow

No use demolishing houses like this while building others less fit to live in!

One in the Eye for JERRY!

FOUR years ago JOHN BULL, in its great campaign against the jerry-builder, gave the country just that time to realise what was happening to the new Britain.

Four years to the day, the chickens have come me to roost.

Mrs. Elsy Florence Borders has won her High Court fight ainst a building society which claimed possession of her use at West Wickham, Kent, because she was in arrears with r mortgage repayments.

No need for us to cite all the allegations and counter-egations, which included a claim by Mrs. Borders that her use was "jerry-built and unfit for human habitation."

But let us note that Mr. Justice Bennett described the siness of the builders of her house as "fundamentally honest."

This is the first time we have heard a h Court judge using such language about ry-builders.

Hitherto criticism of their methods has n confined to their unfortunate victims—l JOHN BULL.

But the case is more than a triumph for ne woman. It is of profound importance three million families.

A large proportion of them have their ives and savings sunk in foundering houses, rapped between unscrupulous builders and ertain building societies concerned only to ake the best of rotten bargains.

Many of them have not waited for the e given by the High Court verdict.

In the new housing estates round London re than 2,000 residents are out on strike inst mortgage payments.

At Merton Abbey a few weeks ago 200 nheld payments until structural defects e made good. **The building societies at** t gave the same answers they were giving r or five years ago—that repairs were none heir concern.

BUT later they changed their tune. Builders arrived with instructions to make good apsing walls, damp-ridden plaster and er disgraces.

A sign of the times—and of changed ds!

At Feltham about 700 people are on e against defective houses.

They are paying all the money which ld go to the building societies into a ral fighting fund.

The societies have merely replied with s for possession.

The same action is being taken in scores ther places throughout the country.

Besides the thousands of house buyers ally on strike, new residents' protection ciations are being formed at the rate of a week.

Already they number nearly 300; most of n will soon be ready to make direct pro- concerning jerry-built properties.

Some are not waiting to be sued for ssession.

They are issuing writs against certain cieties alleging fraud and misrepresenta- n, and attacking the collateral security rangements between societies and builders illegal.

Good luck to them all! we say. And we e convinced that there's a good time ming—except for Jerry.

For there can be only one end to the n-wide storm that is gathering.

Building societies will have to make their properties reasonably fit to live in—and not at the residents' expense.

We predicted this four years ago.

Then some building society inspectors were "surveying" new houses for purchase at the rate of ten an hour.

We have records of one case where a building society director "surveyed" a whole street in a morning.

And he collected a guinea and a half survey fee on each house!

Perhaps in the scramble for business such speed was justifiable.

But later on, when tenants complained about their collapsing houses and mentioned this survey, they were told it was a private affair.

And that the survey was merely to satisfy the building society about the "security of the risk" (meaning the tenant) rather than the quality of the house.

Could bland cynicism go further?

On one estate the houses are rapidly sinking back to Mother Earth. A resident tells us that when she lights a bedroom fire the smoke comes out in the sitting-room next door, and vice-versa!

From scores of estates come reports of falling ceilings, crumbling walls, bad plumbing and rotting floorboards.

Britain's building societies hold assets of £700,000,000, which is about one-third of the national savings.

MANY of them must share the blame for the present situation, because but for their help the jerry-builders could never have started business.

The future is going to be sad for them.

Jerry has long departed, taking his profits with him. So the building societies are left to hold the frail baby he has left behind him.

But their resources should be sufficient to make a bad business better. After all, some of these shocking new houses *are* part of their assets.

It will be only common-sense and good business to take steps to preserve them, rather than pile the onus on other partners in the contracts who cannot afford to pay for the repairs.

Moreover, Miss Ellen Wilkinson is about to introduce a House Purchase Bill in the Commons.

We hope it will have as easy a passage as her Hire-Purchase Bill which became law last year.

For it provides the house buyer with the same safeguards as he now obtains in the purchase of other goods.

Its main points are those demanded by JOHN BULL long ago. Chiefly, that no building society should advance money unless the house complies with minimum structural specifications laid down by some such authority as the Royal Institute of British Architects.

OUR readers will recall that we ended our campaign with precisely such a demand for a national standard of housing specifications.

And that nearly all our points were later incorporated in a memorandum, sponsored by the Ministry of Health and accepted by the master builders' organisations.

But minimum standards are not enough.

Any jerry-builder can buy a blue-print. The thing to do is to make him stick to it.

Therefore we want to see clauses in the new Bill which will *compel* inspection by outside authority during the course of construction.

Not the usual sketchy inspection by county surveyors that ends at the footings or foundations. But at least *four* separate inspections of foundations, walls, plaster and joinery work during the building.

Reputable builders have never needed such control.

They do not figure in the present trouble, which is a legacy from the others.

But if we cannot punish Jerry of the past, we can at least ensure that he has no future.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST

Cut-Price Sharks' £20,000,000 Haul

WE are hearing a lot about attempts by foreign countries to undermine Britain's trade.

But there can be a greater menace to a nation's commerce than competition from without. It can be sapped from within.

For weeks "John Bull's" investigators have been collecting evidence about the biggest, most dangerous racket which Britain's trade has ever had to face—the "cut-price" conspiracy.

OUR ENQUIRIES HAVE DISCLOSED A HIGHLY ORGANISED CAMPAIGN, WHICH, ACCORDING TO ONE AUTHORITY, IS ROBBING THE NATION'S REPUTABLE TRADERS OF SOMETHING LIKE £20,000,000 A YEAR.

To-day, the cut-price bandits' operations cover about 3,000 different kinds of branded and advertised goods.

All of them are articles of common public use on which manufacturers have spent countless thousands of pounds to create public confidence and demand.

The victims are not foreign investors to whom a drop in export trade may mean one limousine the less.

They are, firstly, the small retail traders who have put all their savings and long hours of labour into building up their business.

Last year, one trading group alone spent upwards of £10,000 in fighting the cut-price organisation.

It is a war of wits in which both sides are using every resource of science to beat the other.

On these two pages, "John Bull" gives a cross-section of the operations of the racket, shows you every aspect of attack and defence.

We suggest that if ever there was a problem demanding the direct intervention of Parliament, this is the one.

We state the case and put forward the only certain method whereby this evil may be overcome.

But it must be conquered soon. Remember—not only the livelihood of thousands of small traders but the whole public welfare is at stake.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

THE pioneer venture in the cut-price racket was the cigarette and confectionery business.

In 1924 there were about 200 shops in the whole country selling sixpenny packets of cigarettes at 5½d. or 5d. and a shilling box of chocolates for 10d.

In 1931 (a peak year) there were upwards of 5,000 of these cut-price shops doing an estimated total business of more than £7,000,000 a year.

First to wage war against this new kind of commercial banditry were the great tobacco companies with their vast resources in cash and organisation. Their methods are described on the opposite page, and in the past five years they have almost succeeded in stamping out the racket as far as cigarettes and tobacco are concerned.

It is believed that there are now not more than 200 cut-price cigarette shops, and these are seldom in business for longer than a few months at a time in any given place.

But though most of them have passed they have left their trail of disaster for the honest trader.

One particular instance. A JOHN BULL reader put his savings into a cigarette shop on the fringes of one of London's new housing estates. He had been brought up in the business and everything—rent, situation and his own skill—was all set to provide him with a decent living.

Three months later a cut-price shop opened between his establishment and the station. Within six months he had lost everything.

In the past ten years, while the cut-price tobacco racket has been at its peak, 2,700 tobacconists have gone through the Bankruptcy Courts—an average of 270 a year. Previous ten year average was 110.

● *The small trader loses his customers to the cut-price sharks—and the trader's assistant loses his job.*

Grocers Faced with Disaster

NEWEST development of the cut-price racket is its invasion of the country's key trade—the grocery business.

According to the trade's protection organisation, the success attending the efforts of the tobacco, confectionery and proprietary firms in fighting the racketeers has driven them into this new line of business.

It has traced numerous individuals and firms who had previously operated in these other fields.

Figures are incomplete, but it is known that during the past year new shops have been opening at the rate of about ten a week.

These shops specialise in staple goods like tea, sugar, butter, bacon, and in "fixed price" canned foods.

The men behind this new development have shown a singular astuteness in their choice of sites for shops.

The average housewife with a wage packet to spend requires a bigger inducement than the saving of a few pence to desert her own grocer, whose goods she knows and trusts.

So most of these cut-price groceries have been put down in "black areas" like South Wales, Durham and some of the derelict mill towns of Lancashire.

To hundreds of small grocers in such areas these shops spell ruin. In most cases the old-established tradesmen have advanced heavy credit to their customers over a long spell of years. And they rely on the food purchases out of the "dole" money to keep themselves in business.

But to the wife of an unemployed man the saving of a few pence for cash at the cut-price shop can be a terrible temptation.

She leaves her tradesman friend and goes to the new shop.

By the time the racketeer is traced and black-listed it is too late. The established shopkeeper has given up the struggle.

Some have committed suicide. Though they have paid rates and taxes for years the State gives them no protection against the unscrupulous grabbers.

Forced to Shut Shops

IN a main London street south of the river a shop sprang up almost overnight. It was blazoned with electric light and flaring price tickets.

Furniture was sparse. Showcard and window display were almost dispensed with.

Stock was dumped on "knock-up" shelves and in bins. But when the door opened the public found the prices of toothpastes, toilet goods and patent medicines marked down as much as 20 per cent.

Down the street the chemist's shop was selling a tin of a well-known baby food at 2s. 6d., the advertised price. On that he got a fair profit. But the cut-price trader sold the tin for 2s., which was about as much as the chemist paid his wholesaler.

In a week or two the old-established chemist closed down.

In the last two years nearly 200 chemists and druggists have shut up shop. They each expended an average of £1,200 capital on their businesses. They put in years of labour. In bankruptcy proceedings 90 of them directly ascribed their failure to the activities of cut-price shops which had been established in their neighbourhood.

The main centres of the cut-price racket are London, Leeds, Glasgow, Manchester and Cardiff. And in about that order.

The remarkable thing is that in all the hundreds of towns and cities outside these areas the cut-price shop is almost non-existent.

In London, south of the river, there are about 150 cut-price shops operating. North and east about 200 more. Including outlying portions of the Metropolitan area a total of about 500. And for the whole country, including the cities named above—about 1,500.

That may not seem a great number. But these are shops selling one class of goods only—the so-called "proprietary articles," ranging from some well-known brands of toothpaste to patent medicines and invalid foods.

The Proprietary Articles Trade Association, which from its London headquarters has been directing a nation-wide campaign against the racket, has traced nearly 2,000 separate kinds of branded goods which are being sold through cut-price channels.

RACKET UNMASKED

Who Are the Brains?

A FEW weeks ago a lorry drove into a factory yard along the Great West Road. The men id that they had come to collect d iron. But they collected some-ing else.

On a loading platform were several ses of goods awaiting delivery to holesalers. These cases went into the rry and the men drove off. The stolen ods were all subsequently traced to t-price shops.

At a Midlands Court a commercial veller was recently charged with ealing a large quantity of cigarettes m a wholesale firm. It came out in idence that he had presented a forged ter of authority from the Tobacco sociation and that he was a "collect-agent" for a cut-price gang.

Four employees of a large food-packing m came before the Courts charged h thefts of their firm's goods over a riod of several years. The total ount involved was nearly £20,000.

Working in collusion, they had built an intricate system of fake invoices, ck sheets and bogus addresses to ich the goods had been delivered.

All the stolen stuff had gone to cut-ce shops and there was ample evi-nce to show that the whole scheme d been thought out by the gangs.

At the Old Bailey recently a young n was bound over on "long firm aud" charges. He had opened a busi-s styling himself a chemists' sun-esman. He first established confi-nce by giving small orders and paying h.

Then orders got bigger and no cash as forthcoming. Agents who visited is premises found them empty. It as stated at the trial that he had ccumulated more than £2,000 worth f goods in a few weeks. Again, nearly ll of it was traced to cut-price shops.

Those four instances are enough to w the close connection between crime the cut-price racket. Last year, in y one branch of the racket—the pro-etary articles ramp—nearly forty con-tions were recorded. All for fraud or ft.

Clear enough now to the various ociations who are fighting this nace to the nation's trade is the fact t the gangs centre on, at most, half ozen individuals or firms. They are brains behind the racket and respon-e for its highly developed organisa-.

s an example—one man who dles toilet goods and chemists' cies operates under as many as rty different aliases. That much is wn about him. He has a chain of ut 200 cut-price shops or "distribu-points" under his direct control.

● *Left: Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade. It must be his task to stop the racket.*

● *Right: Do you know how manufacturers secretly mark cigarettes so that stolen stocks may be traced? Wet the "seam" and see the tell-tale markings appear.*

X-Ray Warfare on Trade Front

EXTRAORDINARY methods are being used by both sides in the cut-price war.

The tobacco trade has been spending at least £30,000 a year in fighting the racketeers. About two-thirds of that has been put up by the manufacturers themselves.

It was the tobacco people who invented the most potent weapon—a coding system by means of which every package, sometimes every cigarette, can be traced throughout its journey from factory to counter.

On one well-known brand there are a series of irregularly spaced lines printed in almost invisible ink beneath the seam of the cigarette.

The trade detective makes a purchase, like any other customer, at a cut-price shop. He takes out one of the cigarettes, licks along the seam, and drops it into a special instrument. The hidden marks show up along the wet seam.

He moves a pointer along to each mark and reads off a corresponding number on the dial of his instrument.

Each number means something in his code book. From the information contained in those hidden marks he can tell the factory at which the cigarette was made, the date of delivery, the number of the consignment, and the names of the key wholesalers to whom it was delivered.

The next step is a visit to the wholesaler. "We have found cigarettes from such and such a consignment in a cut-price shop. To whom did you supply them?" asks the detective.

By such methods all sources of legitimate supply to the cut-price shops can be traced and stopped.

Manufacturers of other goods are now using the same tactics to beat the gangs. Thousands of proprietary articles are now marked with hidden code marks on the carton, label, or actually inside the container.

One cut-price headquarters where scientists were employed was discovered at Leeds. They had the latest apparatus such as ultra-violet rays, X-rays and special microscopes to discover code markings.

A sample from every consignment was scrutinised before it was sent to the cut-price shops. If such markings were discovered the goods were either repacked under plain coverings, or skilled girls were employed to scrape off the hidden codes on the package.

One well-known brand of toothpaste is sold in the cut-price shops *without* its carton. The code is on the carton. A certain widely advertised powdered food has the code imprinted *inside* and on the bottom of the tin.

● **EVERY year the cut-price racketeers take £20,000,000 worth of business away from reputable traders and drive hundreds into the Bankruptcy Courts.**

There are believed to be about 10,000 cut-price traders in the country.

Fighting them costs trade interests at least £100,000 a year. Investigation work alone costs £20,000 a year.

Insurance companies pay out £100,000 annually on stolen goods which find their way to the cut-price shops.

BAFFLED BY CODE

LAST year the Proprietary Articles Trade Association spent nearly £3,000 on investigating cutting activities. Their agents made 10,000 separate purchases and traced the sources of supply, by means of codes, in 2,000 instances.

The percentage would have been much higher except for the large-scale mutilation of the packages which is carried out by the cutters.

But the manufacturers believe every penny they spent on coding work goes to stamp out their opponents.

All the necessary scrutiny, mutilation or repacking costs money and eats into the cut-price profits.

One of the biggest sources of supply for the gangs has been through the export trade. Heavy orders reach the manufacturers from a firm, say, in Egypt. The goods are despatched, but find their way back to this country again to the cut-price headquarters. But the heavy freight charges have already halved the cut-price trader's profits, and he cannot afford to spend more money on cancelling out code marks.

Spies Tour the Towns

F course, the cut-price man whose job is to keep up supplies picks his victim carefully.

ores of prosperous "spies" tour the try spotting small tradesmen who doing badly.

ey call on, say, a chemist who is ing it difficult to meet his creditors.

ey know he would like cash for bulk goods he has ordered on credit rhaps to pay urgent bills. The cut-agents know when temptation is to be overwhelming.

the shopkeeper is in a very bad they may secure his open help in getting supplies for them through the wholesalers.

Among Britain's 15,000 chemists there are, perhaps, about 200 "black sheep" who do not mind picking up about 7½ per cent. on £100 worth of goods turned over to the cut-price racketeers. Nearly always they know they are helping to cut their fellow-tradesmen's throats.

But, apart from these dodges, most of the stock of a cut-price shop is furnished from the proceeds of theft. About £100,000 worth of common goods were lost in shop and warehouse robberies last year.

Our Cure

HOW can the cut-price racket be stamped out once and for all?

It is an appalling tax on trade, an added cause of unemployment, and a source of ruin to the little men.

The manufacturers have done—still are doing—their best.

Their methods are now so effective that it is an exceedingly risky thing for any retailer or other supplier to help the cut-price gangs in any way. The machinery of investigation set up in the various trades is so efficient that *he must be found out sooner or later.*

And for their own protection the trades have now imposed ruthless penalties.

Now is the time for Parliament to step in. There is a simple remedy.

At present a manufacturer cannot prosecute a cut-price trader unless the article is *patented.* Resale conditions cannot be applied to branded goods. What is needed is an amendment to the Trade Marks Act, which would give a manufacturer power to impose such conditions, to obtain injunctions, and get penalties for the resale of his products below the fixed price.

Such powers would not confer any monopoly on the manufacturer. The play of free competition would see to that. And since the Government already sponsors price controls through the various Marketing Boards there is no reason why powers should not be conferred, under law, to other producers in the country as a whole.

That amendment must be brought about. Parliament, and Parliament alone, can put an end to this grievous, ruinous racket.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—When I think of the Government I remember Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

Your Department, alarmed at the fall in the birth-rate, clamours for More Babies. Another Department says that babies are an expensive nuisance and bawls for Empty Cradles.

Let me quote a letter from one of my readers:

"I am twenty-eight years of age and have four youngsters. During a month's spell of unemployment, I had to apply to the U.A.B. while awaiting standard benefit.

"On giving particulars to a smug official, I was given a lecture on the responsibility of raising a family at so young an age.

"I left feeling as though I had committed a crime and was guilty of underfeeding my kiddies."

I have seen a photograph of the children. They are as sturdy-looking a group as your medical officers would wish to see. And they would agree, I am sure, that young people make the best parents.

Yet I receive similar complaints every day. They are so numerous, in fact, that it is clear the U.A.B. is determined to discourage children among all but the wealthy—who are generally too selfish to rear families.

Well, which is it to be—More Babies or fewer?

If you represent the Government's view, if Britain is not to become sparsely populated and a second-rate Power, then three shillings a week must not be grudged to a child whose father is temporarily out of work.

And you must see that minor State officials are not allowed to vent their personal prejudices at the expense of the unfortunate.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P. Bow Road, London, E.

DEAR GEORGE,—May your eightieth birthday be followed by many more. For you are the sort of public man the public cannot do without; you are not only a kindly and well-loved figure, but an idealist whose aspirations are essential for the saving of humanity.

Our times have been difficult for pacifists. Great nations have started a new arms race; war has ravaged many lands; disastrous trade competition has spread bitterness and penury.

But much has already been done to achieve a more settled order; the common people of every land have learned that the gospel of peace you so sincerely preach is a stark and urgent necessity.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. B. BILGRAMI, Edinburgh

DEAR SIR,—Son of one of India's oldest families, you have spent £1,400 on air training in Britain. Yet you are barred from many British flying clubs because of your colour. Some of the airmen won't even speak to you.

It does not worry you, you say. But it worries me.

The ignorant, exasperating and contemptible race-snobbishness that the "pukka sahibs" have foisted upon India must not be tolerated here.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLA COHN, President, London Teachers' Assn.

DEAR MADAM,—You are right. The Board of Education is suffering from the Old School Tie, which "is seen not only round the necks of its members but even binds their hands."

Yes—and bandages their eyes.

Were they not blindfolded, they would see that poor children who pass the secondary school examination should be able to secure secondary school education, instead of being ousted by duller youngsters whose parents can afford the fees.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL, Football Association

DEAR SIRS,—Twenty years should be sufficient sentence for breaking your hallowed rules. But you refuse to lift the life ban on two Leeds directors for paying players £1 a match, contrary to the war-time ruling on amateur status.

Have not lighter penalties been imposed recently for similar offences? And would it not be merely just, rather than merciful, for you to change your rigid minds?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Air Minister

DEAR SIR,—That's a good move—raising the entry age from twenty-five to twenty-eight for short-term commission pilots.

But why are the questions put to applicants concerned with whether they play golf, live near an aerodrome, what are their hobbies, and so on?

Are they intended to weed out men who have no private income—or what?—JOHN BULL.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, South Norwood

GENTLEMEN,—During the next few weeks you will act as private detectives to investigate the church bazaar racket—and I hope you'll succeed in stopping the virtual blackmail which so many parsons encourage.

Again and again tradesmen are forced to make free gifts to bazaars or lose the custom of church members: a scandal I exposed years ago.

The Church may or may not be poor; it should at least be honest.—JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS W. PHILLIPS, Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—These facts speak for themselves:—

A Tottenham boy of eighteen lost his job owing to illness, was on the "dole" for three months, and was then offered work in Surrey.

Having no money for the fare, he asked for his unemployment pay a day before it was due. He was refused. He asked for an advance to cover the fare; was again refused—and lost the job.

A trifling incident? Not to that eager but penniless lad, nor to others in his plight.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. MORRISON, M.P., Leader, London County Council

DEAR HERBERT.—I'm coming along to that exhibition you will open next Wednesday, for it seems the sort of show that should interest everyone in Britain.

Its title is dull—the Road Architecture Exhibition—but it is part of the drive to remodel our country.

It will show how we can be given better houses, better factories, green-belt areas within easy reach, and safer traffic.

I have urged the building of twenty model towns to increase our comfort and help to wipe out unemployment. This exhibition should speed on the good work.—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. WARDENS, Ilford

GENTLEMEN,—I admire your member who has resigned because Ilford Council paid an honorarium to council officials for their voluntary services during the September Crisis.

But it was not only then that officials had their salaries raised for National Service. Reports still reach me of town clerks and fire brigade chiefs being granted an extra hundred or two a year for A.R.P. work—which is usually done by their subordinates.

Either National Service should be paid or unpaid. The distinction against which you protest is an impertinent and insulting injustice.—JOHN BULL.

IT'S NATIONAL PROBLEM NO. 1

It's good to give unemployed youths a spell in a labour camp, but better to give them the skilled work they need. And this could be done!

By A. G. Gardiner

FROM many quarters the suggestion has come to me that I should say something about that chronic nightmare, unemployment.

I am not surprised, for the Ministry of Labour's latest figures are alarming. They show that we are etting back to the worst days of e great slump.

For the first time since the covery began five years ago the nemployment total exceeds the o million mark.

WITH 12,079,000 INSURED PERSONS IPLOYED AND 2,039,026 REGISERED UNEMPLOYED WE ARE ACED WITH THE FACT THAT ONE ERSON IN EVERY SIX IS OUT OF ORK.

Of these 906,000 have been unemoyed for less than six weeks; 1,187,000 r less than three months; 1,436,000 r less than six months, and 289,000 r a year or more.

And this in spite of the fact that we e at the peak of the terrific expenture on rearmament which might ve been expected to mop up all our bour reserves into active employment.

F we exclude that vast and unproductive expenditure, we are driven to the conclusion that our labour sition is at least as desperate as it was the darkest days of the great depresn of 1932.

The cause of the reaction which has w been in progress for 18 months is ar. World trade, on which we pend more than any country and hich had never recovered from the nvulsion of the Great War, has been attered by the political and economic tivities of the dictators.

The returning confidence has vanished fore the great fear that possesses the rth, and all the springs of enterprise d international trade are dried up their source.

While the present tension exists and ile the spectre of war haunts every nd in every country, it is idle to look a real revival of world trade here anywhere.

In these circumstances what is to be ne to mitigate the calamity here? w can we underpin our industrial es against the tidal wave of unemyment that is setting in?

There seem to be three main direcns in which action is called for. One of them is related to our political licy.

The object of that policy should be so consolidate the free peoples of the rld that the dictators will hesitate to k the gamble of a war.

The corollary of this policy is nomic co-operation between the mocracies. Between them they cupy more than half the earth and sess much more than half its ources.

Acting in co-operation they can fore the free exchange of trade roughout their territories and get rid the mischievous tariffs, quotas and sidies by which each country imverishes itself in impoverishing its ighbour.

Fortunately a start has been made in this economic union by the great Anglo-American trade agreement.

It should provide a standard around which all the democratic nations—France, Britain, the U.S.A., Scandinavia, Belgium, Holland and the rest—can mobilise for their common enrichment.

By striking off the fetters of trade this commercial union would do far more to discredit and destroy the exclusive nationalism of the dictators than the most formidable armaments would do.

And, incidentally, it would check the drift to unemployment both here and among our trade allies.

I come to the second solution of the problem. While we are waiting impatiently for the wind that will fill the sails of our world trade again we must stimulate our home trade.

I HAVE NO PASSION FOR PLANNED ECONOMIES WHICH ARE THE PET EXPEDIENT OF ALL DICTATORSHIPS, WHETHER NAZI OR BOLSHEVIST. I BELIEVE IN THE FREE FLOW OF TRADE THROUGH ALL ITS NATURAL CHANNELS.

BUT when the channels are blocked as now there must be artificial respiration for trade. Public money spent in keeping our unemployed off the streets is as real a measure of national defence as public money spent in the manufacture of bombers and Bren guns and battleships.

For nothing threatens the vitality of the nation more than this running sore of unemployment.

There are in every part of the country works of public utility, not immediately reproductive, that should be done and must be done some day.

They should be done now. And in this connection the reclamation of the "special areas" should be speeded up with as much urgency as the production of armaments.

And this brings me to my third point. That is the necessity of a direct attack on unemployment.

The time has come, indeed is overdue, when the whole policy of combatting unemployment needs drastic revision.

No one to-day questions the wisdom of insurance. I shudder to think what would have happened in these post-war years if that great instrument had not been providentially at hand to keep the nation on an even keel in the stormiest seas it has ever traversed.

But, on the other hand, the maintenance of the unemployed is only one side of the matter.

Think of it: 289,000 unemployed for a year or more. Of these tens of thousands are young men who have never worked and we are breeding a whole generation of compulsory idlers who have come to regard the public purse as their permanent means of existence.

We cannot remedy it by the ruthless methods of Hitler. It is his claim that he has abolished unemployment in Germany and the claim is true.

But he has abolished it by regimenting the nation and subjecting it to the discipline of the barracks.

No personal liberty, no trade unionism, no collective bargaining, but all goose-stepping to the word of command. Everyone is at work, it is true: but everyone is a slave of the State.

The people are working sixty hours a week on wages often below that of our standard insurance benefit.

I don't believe a great nation can permanently rest on such a foundation.

But this does not mean that our own foundation of two million unemployed on the public funds is one about which we can be content.

Is it not possible that the £110,000,000 a year, which our system of relief is costing, could be spent to better purpose than it is now?

SURELY it is possible. I believe that it can and should be applied to keeping people at work rather than in keeping them out of work.

It could be done, as Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr has shown, by the State guaranteeing industries against loss on condition that they keep all the employable workpeople insured in their respective industries in full employment.

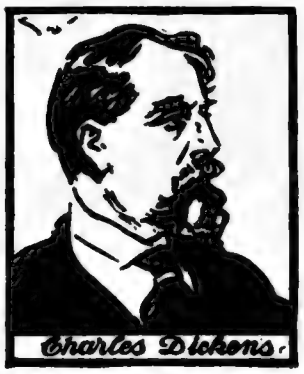
Not the least advantage that would result from such a scheme would be the ability to counter the subsidised competition from which industry is at present suffering in so many directions.

IN A WORD, THE PRINCIPLE OF INSURANCE SHOULD BE REVERSED. ITS AIM SHOULD BE TO KEEP PEOPLE IN WORK RATHER THAN TO KEEP THEM WHEN OUT OF WORK.

When that idea is adopted in some well-considered form we shall have conquered unemployment; but not till then.

Human Machine

THINKING is the most important activity in which a man can indulge. It is also the most useless, unless we take steps to make the results of our thinking permanent. Thoughts that produce nothing are just so much wasted energy.



The results of thinking are ideas. Ideas are the most valuable things in the world. They are also the most slippery things in the world. Unless we make preparations for their coming, they are apt to be gone almost before we know they have arrived.

When Charles Dickens made one of his characters say at every opportunity, "When found, make a note of," he knew what he was talking about. He knew how easy it is to let the results of thought slip away to waste if you're not careful.

Lewis Carroll knew all about it, too. "'The horror of that moment,' the King went on, 'I shall never, *never* forget!' 'You will, though,' the Queen said, 'if you don't make a memorandum of it!'"

Other people have said the same thing with more seriousness. "Thoughts are fleeting," said Hazlitt, the great essayist, "and no device for trapping them should be despised."

Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, was always taking notes, particularly of any fact or theory he found which disagreed with his own ideas, "Since," he said, "unfavourable facts or thoughts are far more apt to escape from memory than favourable ones."

Carlyle, the great historian, urged people to "Sit down and label your thoughts," and Robert Louis Stevenson said he always had two books with him, "One to read, and the other to write in."

* * *

Learn to think, then think, and then record the ideas that are the result of your thinking. No great man has ever been ashamed to save his memory by using pencil and paper. Why should you?

THE MAN WITH THE MAGIC FINGERS

Famous syncopated pianist* CHARLIE KUNZ *universally popular on radio and stage —tells you how he keeps going

Charlie's long fingers coax the most compelling rhythms from the keys.

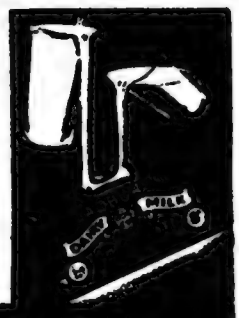
And here he is in the studio, rehearsing for the Cadbury programme from Radio Luxembourg

"My pals sometimes say to me, 'Charlie you'll crack up! You go so long without sitting down to a good meal.' How can I — when I'm often recording from 9.0 to 4.30 — no time for lunch — then there's one, sometimes two, performances at a theatre and maybe a late night show after that. But I won't crack up! Cadburys keeps me going on the long stretches between meals. I reckon Cadburys Milk Chocolate is a meal — finest thing out to stave off hunger and keep the pep in your rhythm! A nibble of Cadburys Milk between tunes keeps me right on the note!"

THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS YOU UP TO YOUR JOB

2 oz 2D

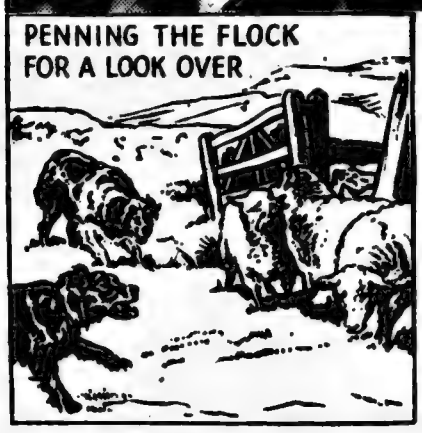
Whether you're a 'King of the Keyboard' or just one of his audience, you need to keep right up to the mark to get the most out of your job and your life. You need the abundance of energy that comes from proper nourishment. And for nourishment to the square inch there's nothing like Cadburys Milk Chocolate. There's a glass and a half of fresh full cream British milk in every half-pound block—that's why it's so satisfying and so good. It's a very nourishing habit to keep a 2 oz. block (costs only 2d.) in your bag or pocket. It'll give you fresh energy when you feel tired and droopy.



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
. . . feeds you on your feet

These 'plus' dogs work an 80 hour week

Mr. J. L. Humphreys, with two of his prize-winning sheepdogs. These sheepdogs frequently have to work in the lambing season for 12 hours on end, every day of the week.



A SPANKING SOU'WESTER or an icy gale from the North East, rain, hail or snow . . . . it makes no difference. The shepherd and his dogs must be up and about at the break of dawn. All through the day and *every* day these dogs will be gathering the sheep, 'penning', 'shedding', searching for strays hidden in the folds and crags of moorland wastes.

The uncanny intelligence and obedience of sheepdogs are a byword among dog lovers, but the shepherd has to demand something more—stamina and fitness as hard as iron.

"My dogs enjoy their work and they *must* be fit" says Mr. Humphreys. "Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's is my way of keeping dogs on their toes. I look on Bob Martin's as an insurance".

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG TOO

Shepherds, breeders, fanciers and millions of thoughtful dog owners like YOU rely on Bob Martin's to condition their dogs. Because regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders helps to maintain a pure blood supply. And everything in a dog's life depends on pure blood—fitness, coat, appetite, energy and health.

Start conditioning *now*—one Bob Martin's once a day—and see what 'plus' dog health *means*—better health, better coat, better spirits and a look in his eye which says 'I'm game for everything now'.

WHY PURE BLOOD IS IMPORTANT IN WINTER

During February and March the resistance of every dog to disease is unusually low, following on months of bad weather, lack of sunshine, changes of temperature, and restricted exercise. Resistance to infection depends on the white corpuscles (leucocytes) in the blood, and only when the bloodstream is pure can these white corpuscles exert their maximum activity, with the resultant benefit to the health of the dog. By giving your dog one Bob Martin's Condition Powder every day you will provide the vital elements necessary for the maintenance of pure blood. Every organ of the body will do its work, and you will have given your dog or puppy a new fitness.

From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d. and 1/-

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

QUEER CAREER of the NUNNS

IF ever two men should be hounded out of the housing estate business they are James Stroud Nunn, of Croydon Road, Wallington, Surrey, and his son, Harold Leslie Nunn.

For years they have been juggling with building estates, and people unfortunate enough to have dealings with them have, in all, lost large sums of money.

Their victims include small builders who have been persuaded to accept sub-contracts. After ordering materials, many of them found they could not obtain payment promised when e construction work reached certain stages.

Some of these builders have, in consequence, been forced o bankruptcy or liquidation.

Harold Leslie Nunn, the son, who finally traded as Nunn's tates, of Stanley Park Road, Carshalton, is now in the nkruptcy Court.

But the father is still promoting estates.

His newest venture is in Hawes Lane, West Wickham, where teen houses have been erected.

No one is living there, and my investigator found only two bourers at work.

The sub-contractor is one of those who became bankrupt cause he could not obtain payment from Nunn.

* * *

At Old Coulsdon, where Nunn, senior, as the Seagrave tates, Ltd., said he proposed to build sixty-five houses, the ly indications of an estate are about two hundred bricks, me drainpipes and wooden sheds, which are rotting.

Originally he persuaded a young builder's foreman to build e houses on a sub-contract under which there was to be payment of £50 on each house before work started, and rther payments as the building progressed.

The sub-contractor was to supply all materials and labour. As no money was forthcoming from Nunn this young man, rtunately for him, did not start building.

However another man came along shortly afterwards and lug out the foundations for two houses, and that is as far as the Seagrave Estates have gone.

There is very little more to show for an earlier scheme Nunn's at Knockholt, Kent.

Here, so he said, he proposed to erect fifty-five houses. Again he talked a young builder into accepting a subntract to do the work and, unhappily, this man built two uses and started four others before he realised he could t get any money out of Nunn. To-day the two finished uses are empty, and tramps sleep there at night.

Reports from my investigators show that the son, Harold slie Nunn, has carried on in much the me way in his separate ventures.

Years ago he worked with his father some shady building schemes, which re exposed in JOHN BULL at the time.

* * *

Harold was reminded of those days at recent bankruptcy examination.

He admitted that he stood in the Old iley dock with his father in 1925, and at he was found guilty of fraud and und over.

The father was sent to jail for fifteen nths.

Mr. David Naphtali, representing rious creditors, questioned Harold out his Old Bailey trial. He asked: Were those frauds followed through gely like this—you found people who nted houses building?

"You then got advances in money m them to build houses and proached contractors to supply terials and labour.

"But, unfortunately, the people who pplied materials and labour were not id, and you and your father pocketed proceeds?"

Harold's reply was: "I don't agree h you in everything."

His present failure, if such a word can used for his kind of business, is due his bluff being called at last.

And I hope that he and his racketeer ther will be stopped from duping any re people.

Men who have been convicted for liberate fraud and then engage in kless speculation deserve no symthy.

They should be discouraged from ther operations in this kind of busiss.

I can assure both of them that I am eping a very close watch on their ivities.

Pretty, But Crooked

THE police were puzzled when they first heard of the exploits of a tall, pretty woman, aged about thirty-six.

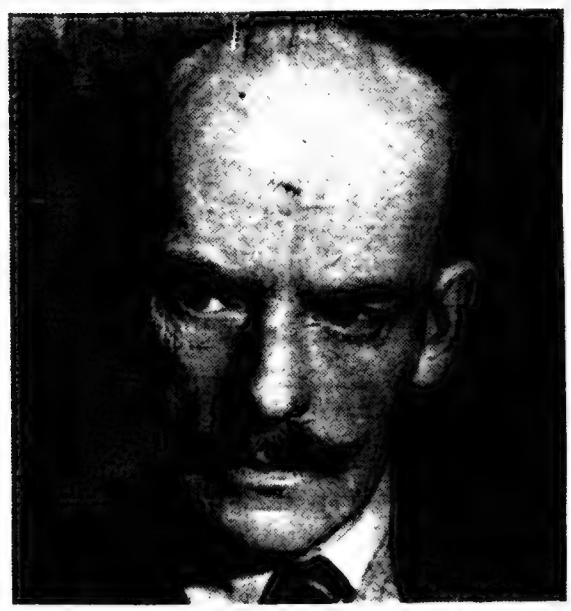
In various assumed names like "Clarice Beverley," "Doris Mayer," "Grace Webster" and "Elsie Simmonds," she was defrauding big stores and plundering hotels with the master touch of a practised thief.

But there seemed no trace of her in the records of the rogues' gallery at Scotland Yard.

Then suddenly a link was discovered, and now she has been identified as a woman named Barnes, one of the cleverest bogus credit thieves in the country.

Well-spoken, perfectly dressed, and generally using a hired car with a chauffeur, she has recently posed as a colonel's wife, then first the fiancee and later the daughter of a titled man, an actress playing a leading part in a West End production, and the widow of a rich stockbroker.

She has three times been to jail.



Often I wish I could take you behind the limited space of my two weekly pages and show you another side of my crusade.

Every week, by direct advice, I have the tremendous satisfaction of saving scores of readers from injustice.

It is exacting work and takes up a great deal of time, but whenever I feel tired I am spurred on again by the constant flow of letters of thanks.

Typical is the response of a Coventry reader, who writes:

"How can I thank you for your valuable assistance. . . . I have now recovered all costs due to me, and this is the second good turn JOHN BULL has done for me."

Another letter from Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire, reads: "I am deeply grateful for the advice you gave me and am pleased to tell you that ——— have withdrawn their claim."

From Bridlington, Yorkshire, comes this: "Words can hardly express my gratitude to you for your kind help and prompt action."

I am always ready to hear from any reader who suspects trickery, but don't forget my constant advice: Write to me *before* parting with your money.

The legacy cheat, "Mr. Blackburn," of Blackburn and Collins, of Buchanan Buildings, Holborn, London, E.C., has bolted.

I exposed his mean trick of trying to obtain money from people supposed to be heirs to a big fortune left by a bachelor in Australia.

There is now a warrant for his arrest.

His real name is George Andrews, but he has numerous aliases, and he is now being searched for throughout the country.

Song "Sells" Rampant

JULIAN WRIGHT, of Canterbury Road, Herne Bay, and Peter Derek, Ltd., of Wardour Street, London, W., are still trapping hopeful song-writers.

Despite my frequent exposure of their shady methods, they are so active again that I feel another warning is necessary.

It is the meanest and most persistent of all the rackets I have to deal with, and I am amazed that so many people are taken in with it.

Publishers of repute never ask for a preliminary fee for putting a song on the market.

If only everyone would remember that the Julian Wrights and Peter Dereks would soon be out of business.

Man Driven to Suicide, Widow Hounded

A STORY behind the last-minute settlement of a County Court claim for £2 12s. against a Bristol widow makes me livid with anger. To think that two rogues like H. J. Herbert and A. E. Cole, of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., are allowed to remain anywhere near decent human beings!

It was they who were trying to squeeze this £2 12s. out of the widow, Mrs. Martin, of Church Road, St. George, Bristol.

The amount was alleged to be the balance due for the hire of one of their advertising frames foisted on the woman's husband, who had a small sweets shop up to the time of his tragic death about two years ago.

Mrs. Martin sent the frame back long ago, but Herbert and Cole insisted on their pound of flesh.

She must not think, she was told, that simply because her husband had died she was going to escape payment

That is despicable enough, but far worse is the fact that Mr. Martin, distracted because he could not pay the hire instalments, ended his life by gassing himself.

He had been fooled by the now familiar sharp practice methods of travelling salesmen employed by Herbert and Cole.

With none too good eyesight, he had signed a form, and it was a shock to him to find that he had committed himself to hiring the advertising frame for three years at 2s. a week.

Martin's shop was very small and the takings so meagre that his wife had to go out daily to do housework.

The salesmen had deluded him, as they have done many other small shopkeepers, with the empty assurance that their firm would send him about 9s. worth of advertising each week.

When he took his life he had only a few more days to find £1 18s. to meet a Court order for overdue instalments.

He was so worried that he had been unable to sleep for many nights.

There was only 5½d. in his pocket when his wife returned from work one evening to find him dead.

She had to borrow from friends to pay the sum on the County Court order.

Even after that, and though she sent back their wretched frame, these two scoundrels, Herbert and Cole, pursued her for nearly two years for a further £2 12s.

In the end they issued a County Court summons, but when they realised the claim would be fought they compromised.

They knew what the story of their treatment of this widow would sound like in open court.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY 130 assid. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St.Potterry,9,Burslem.

HOSIERY Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 180-page catlg of up-to-the-minute lines.—L. Frankenberg, Ltd. 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

DRAPERS.—112-p. Illus. Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7 Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS wanted to sell 3d Credit Club Cards; liberal commissions and bonuses; cash and free gifts weekly; postages paid; many earning £3 wk.—Parties, from Soccer King (Dept. J.B.), Stadium Works, Wembley, Middlx.

TEA AGENTS WANTED in all districts. Excellent profits. No experience required.—Send for details to Sealon Tea Co., Mitcham, Surrey.

YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk, no outlay; generous Commission and postages paid. See our announcement on page 2, and be sure to write to-night to Bessants, of Leicester.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £2-£5 per week in leisure hours. Beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

There are now many vacancies for men to enlist as

AIRCRAFTHANDS.

with excellent prospects of being selected later for training in a trade such as Flight Mechanic, Wireless Operator, etc.

Apply for free booklet, "A Life for Men," to R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, W.C.2, or to any R.A.F. Recruiting Depot or Post Office.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-10, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICERS.—Start £3 8s. weekly, rising to £575 p.a., with pension. Fine outdoor occupation. No experience required. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 59), 335, High Holborn, WC1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces.—Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

A GREAT Guide to Careers — FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship and the Public Services.—Write to-day.—THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 569, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

SHORT-STORY WRITING is a most enjoyable spare-time occupation—and you can make it profitable, too. But you must TRAIN. Send for Prospectus of the Correspondence Course from Pitman College of Journalism and Authorship, 211, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 335, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering, Building, G.P.O. etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects, etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 362), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 531), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19A, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

SEND for full particulars, which can be obtained free, on the Art and Technique of Public Speaking, or any other career in which you are interested. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. 126, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield. See page 32.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 6 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

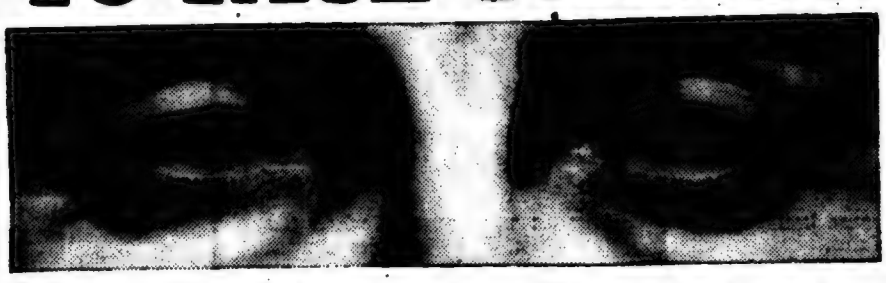
PORTABLE BUILDING AND SHED MANUFACTURERS SHOULD write to *John Bull* and ask about a real money-making proposition. How to advertise in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" and get maximum results at minimum cost without delay. Ask for FREE ADVICE without obligation by writing, on business letterheading, to: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NO BRUSH, SOAP or WATER needed with the Super Electric Dry Shaver offered at the amazing price of 15/6 by Services, 19, Berkeley Street, London, W.1. (See page 3.)

THE WORLD BEFORE YOUR EYES. — The New Columbus Globe—a remarkable example of 1939 scientific workmanship—is yours for 3/- down. See Kayando, Ltd.'s announcement on page 3.

19/- MONTHLY secures modern Remington Home Portable Typewriter. Get full particulars of this offer by filling in the coupon on page 28.

TOO TIRED TO FACE THINGS



So many people resign themselves to the miseries of a Run-Down Condition—offering an easy prey to Colds, Coughs, 'Flu and every sort of epidemic—because that badly needed rest is out of the question and ordinary medicines seem to have little effect. But there is another solution which provides the godsend of extra Energy and Vitality for those who are forced to keep going and cannot afford to be ill. This is the Vitamin Yeast known to rich and poor alike under the brand name of Yestamin. Why not give it a trial in your own case? You can do so quite inexpensively.

Unfailing Aid of "Mother Yeast"

Yestamin is a tonic that is genuinely lasting, a pure malt-fed Yeast that is entirely free from drugs and which bucks you up as it builds you up! Yestamin strengthens the "weak spot" at which illness strikes, warding off Coughs, Colds, Chills and 'Flu or aiding in a quick recovery from these lowering complaints. It tones up the Liver, cleanses the skin and acts as a Natural Laxative. You could not go through these treacherous days with a finer safeguard.

If you are subject to :—

COUGHS, COLDS, 'FLU, 'NERVES,' RUN-DOWN CONDITION, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, STOMACH TROUBLES, SKIN COMPLAINTS and have not tried Yestamin, accept Trial Offer below.

YESTAMIN

is YEAST—with a difference

Yestamin, so rich in the disease-resisting "B" vitamins that the modern diet lacks, is produced in a form that all can afford : 40 tablets 6d., 100 for 1/-, 225 for 2/-. Get a tin today from your Chemist or accept the special offer below.

TRIAL SUPPLY of 40 Tablets for 3d

HEALTH OFFER TO READERS!

To : The Yestamin Company, Dept. C (The English Grains Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent.
Please send me a full size 6d. tin of Yestamin (40 Tablets) as Trial, for which I enclose 3d. stamps for post and packing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List J.B. 1850 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats & Novelties, Wigs, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. LIST FREE.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. J.B.), 228, MILE END RD., London, E.1.

SAVE LABOUR and prevent waste by using a quick-action Potato Chipper. All-British, metal throughout, invaluable to Hotels, Cafes, Restaurants, etc., apart from the Housewife. See South London Bargain Stores' free gift offer on page 3.

THE most wonderful bargains ever offered to *John Bull* readers. Don't overlook the Tyrolean model Frocks offered at half price by Marshall Ward on the Back Cover.

A FREE Booklet explaining how you can make extra money in spare time with the new G.T.L. Tool Chest & Home Repairing Outfit is offered on p. 31. Fill in the coupon.

THE popular Berkeley Superlax Easy Chairs give you comfort and contentment, and can be changed to a variety of positions without having to leave the chair. The makers of these chairs, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 78-79, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of these chairs and all other models of Berkeley Upholstery, which will be sent post free, together with range of coverings, to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 29 or write mentioning *John Bull*, to their address.

GARDENING.

A GAY GARDEN ALL SUMMER. 150 Gladioli, 100 Oxalis, 50 Anemones, 50 Montbretias, 50 Lily, 50 Begonias, all fine sorts, for only 7/-; Double lot, 12/-. P.P., C.W.O.—H. A. V. Kesteren, Vilfhuizen, nr. Haarlem, Holland.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 21/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 29, Paddock Wood, Kent.

HAVE COLOUR IN YOUR GARDEN all the year round. The February number of GARDENING (Pocket size) gives you a straight-cut plan. There is also a plan for a fruit and vegetable garden and one for herbaceous plants. Other features include Springtime beauty on the Rock Garden, New Dahlias from seed, Pergolas and Screens, the Alpine House, Spraying Fruit Trees, Path-making, Growing Tomatoes in Beds, Gardening Calendar (what to do in February), Garden Gadgets, etc., etc. In every page—and there are one hundred!—you will find practical and splendid ideas. Make 1939 your most successful year through the new-style pocket GARDENING, edited by Richard Sudell. The February number is on sale everywhere, price sixpence.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem — that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers. A unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.17, 48, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of CEPHOS, the Safe and Certain Physician's Remedy for Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (530Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in advt on p. 33.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Mostrelina advert. on page 29, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, send for free booklet, "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Fill in the coupon on page 29 or write mentioning *John Bull*, to Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.31), Watford, Herts.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon on page 31 filled in with your name and address.

ACCEPT this unique Health Offer. If you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, fill in the coupon in the large display advertisement on this page, or write, mentioning *John Bull* to the Yestamin Co., Dept. C (The English Grains Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent, for full-size 6d. tin of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the new yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stp. for postage.

A FREE Offer! — to all who are run down. A trial sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 27, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.29), 84, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp, for postage.

BE rid of all digestive troubles. Accept this free sample offer. The makers of Mexeron Brand Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets have such confidence in the efficacy of this product that they will send Free a Trial Sample to any reader who fills in the coupon on page 27 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mexeron & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), Llewellyn Street, London, S.E.16. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 27, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

THORN'S Garden Sheds and Greenhouses are easily erected. All in sections. Just bolt together—that's all. Models in Cedar or Deal. Lowest prices. From 2/- down. Catalogue free.:—Thorns (Box 23), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

SPECIAL free offer. A 50-page book on what you need minerals and vitamins. See page 33.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free book, "Meals that are Different." Simply fill in the Coupon in the Stork advertisement on page 25 and a copy of this free book will be sent to you.

FREE.—A trial tube of Odol Dentifrice will be sent to all who fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 22, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Cranbux, Ltd., Dept. J.B.4, Norwich.

DON'T delay. Make a bee-line for that first prize of £1 now offered for the best last line to the Limerick in the Diploma Cheese advertisement on page 27. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now.

FREE! to all mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Chart. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.P.310), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See page 25.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.23, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See p. 34.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier 2

Mystery Doctor once Racecourse Tipster

QUITE a few people who come in contact with Dr. James Robbins, M.S., Ph.M., of Putney Bridge Road, London, S.W., are mystified about his exact medical qualifications.

Still, many of them seem to be impressed, because fees as high as £15 15s. are paid for his treatments.

Perhaps it is his all-conquering self-assurance that sways those who go to him.

He talks of human ailments as if they were silly little hurdles to jump over, something which to him is as easy as sitting in an arm-chair.

There is, too, great fascination in his thrilling war reminiscences. He is always ready to describe them with a wealth of detail.

Women are particularly touched when they hear how he was wounded in 1915 and had to have his left leg amputated.

In case you, too, may be carried away, this would probably be the best stage in the gallant gentleman's story to shed some light on just who and what he really is.

To begin with, the tales of his war adventures are complete fiction.

He has never been a soldier and most certainly he did not serve abroad during the war.

I'm sorry about his leg, but the truth concerning that misfortune is that he fell off a lorry when he was a boy.

He is not a doctor—anyway, so far as membership of any faculty known to the medical authorities in this country.

Not only does the British Medical Association know nothing about the degrees supposed to be represented by the letters after his name, but I cannot find any explanation of them in any authentic reference book.

* * *

Oddly enough, though this man claiming such talents styles himself "Dr. James Robbins" on his visiting cards, he is shown in the telephone book as "Captain Robbins."

But he is no more a captain than he is a doctor.

True, he exhibits some sort of a diploma which he says was granted to him by the "Royal College of Medicine."

But I cannot find anyone who has ever heard of such an institution.

His diploma, he also states, is "stamped by the Crown of England."

He is fond of talking about this diploma when, "in his anxiety to help mankind," he condescends to address crowds in parks and market places.

Well-dressed and of striking appearance, he generally manages to gather many people round him, and he likes to pose as a kind of "saviour" who realises that there must be many whose purses are too small to pay his usual fees.

So, instead, he takes their shillings for his pills and medicine.

One evening a man whose wife had confessed to him that she had paid Robbins five guineas for his treatment went along to one of these meetings.

He asked the great healer if he was quite sure he had lost his leg in the war.

Robbins, a little flustered for a moment, asked him to wait until the meeting was over and he would furnish "the fullest information."

The husband waited—but did not get the promised information!

I've given it to him, though, and here is some more information he will no doubt be interested to hear.

Until he started this medical humbug James Robbins was a racecourse tipster.

He has been convicted several times for assault and is well known to the police authorities. In Scotland Yard records he figures as a racecourse "tough."

Posed as Yard Man

CLAIMING with equal facility to be a farmer and a Scotland Yard detective, a jailbird who uses many aliases, including that of "Leonard Watts," is duping many people.

Recently he has been active in South Coast towns, and a number of hotel proprietors have been caught by his bluff.

Generally he chooses the smaller hotels, where he can make the acquaintance of guests residing there more or less permanently.

After borrowing from them on one pretext or another, he disappears without paying his bill, and often after having obtained a loan from the proprietors!

* * *

He has tricked people in the same way at Nuneaton, Staveley, Crewe.

In a short time he pretended to be a Government inspector, a private enquiry agent, a Scotland Yard Special Branch man and a horticultural salesman.

The latest story with which he duped his victims was that he represented an important television firm. He has several times been to jail for fraud and obtaining money by false pretences.

Though James Banks always likes dressing up in spectacular robes he has now grown coy. (See story below)

"Lord Patriarch" Banks Shuns Limelight

VERY Sunday a man dressed in spectacular robes holds weird services in a private chapel in the grounds of his large house in Matham Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

Yet another single soul is there with him.

Then he goes through an elaborate ritual as if he had a large congregation.

That is only one of the queer habits of this strange man.

He lives alone in his thirteen-room house, except for a small staff of menservants—when he can persuade them to stay.

Visitors are rare and he envelopes his movements in an air of perpetual secrecy.

* * *

That is why I was surprised when I learned that his name is Banks, or the Right Rev. Patriarch Banks of Windsor, as he always insists on being addressed.

When I pulled up my representative very abruptly when he asked if he was the Reverend Banks.

"I am the Lord Patriarch Banks," he said, rather haughtily.

Then, he added, "I don't want any publicity."

That's strange, because the last time I heard of Jimmy Banks he seemed anxious to keep himself in the limelight.

He tried hard to whip up interest here and also in America for his much-advertised scheme to build a "mother cathedral" for his cult.

It was to be an imposing affair, and as supreme primate, or something of the sort, he was to have a bodyguard of officers and men in blue and white uniforms.

What exactly his particular brand of faith is it has always been difficult to ascertain.

He says he is a revolutionary Catholic, but JOHN BULL has never hesitated in describing him as the crazy crank he is.

Ordained originally by an old rascal named Willoughby, who was some years ago inhibited from the Church of England, Banks calmly ran through a gamut of ecclesiastical titles for himself.

In no time he was a bishop, then an archbishop, then a primate, and eventually "His Excellency the Lord Patriarch of Windsor."

At one time he attracted considerable attention with a curious church in a room in Maiden Lane, London.

"Church of the Great Sacrifice," he called it, and there, robed in purple chasuble, he sat on a scarlet cushion beside a high altar.

* * *

Now I find him in this mysterious retreat in Surrey, strutting about in the spacious grounds with all his old arrogance, and telling his men-servants that they must never breathe a word outside of what they see in the house.

His behaviour is so odd that the servants seldom stay long. Three have left just recently.

One of his hobbies seems to be collecting pictures of soldiers. A number of rooms are full of them.

Though Jimmy Banks, as I always prefer to call him, is obviously anxious to keep his present activities quiet, I think it is only right that the world should know of his preposterous behaviour.

A Lord Patriarch, indeed!

You Have Been Warned

"GONE away" was stamped on the envelope returned to a Rugeley, Staffs, reader who sent two gift coupons to Paramount Gifts, Howard Street, Bury New Road, Manchester. They had been handed to her with the soap powder she bought at the store.

Many housewives in all parts of the country are being hoodwinked by similar ramps.

* * *

CALLING spectacles "useless crutches," the Haviland Eyesight Institute, of the Strand, London, is still trying to sell its special course of home treatment for two guineas.

"It will take you only a few minutes to complete and sign the attached form," Ernest Haviland, the proprietor, in touting letters.

Yes, and it won't take very much longer to discover that it is all arrant trickery.

* * *

T. NAYLOR, of Gloucester Mansions, Cambridge Circus, London, W.C., is trying to raise capital to exploit an anti-gas appliance on the market.

Repayment, with share of profits, in six months is guaranteed, and some advertisements have slipped into provincial newspapers.

Beware his blandishments.

Public Benefactor.

Mr. G. Cowley, of 8, Falconer's Square, Scarborough, spotted a cunning snare in a reply to an advertisement and he receives this week's £1 1s.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

you can't tell the difference

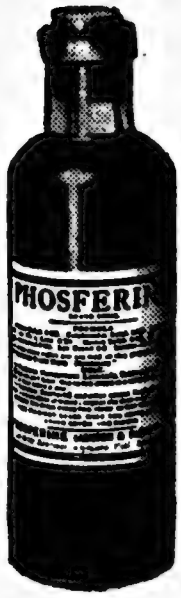
BETWEEN A NEW JUMPER AND A PERSIL-WASHED ONE

Persil's gentle cleansing is best for all fine fabrics. In Persil, pure soap is blended with oxygen in such a way that rich, active *yet gentle* suds are formed which get the dirt out easily, even in the coolest water. So there's no rubbing to ruin woollens, no heat to make the colours run. And Persil works so quickly that your things are only a little while in the water and get the least possible handling while wet. Give all your fine things Persil's gentle care—silks, woollens, *and* coloureds—and ensure them better looks and longer life.

THE AMAZING Persil OXYGEN WASHER

PERSIL IS BEST FOR ALL SILKS AND WOOLLENS

PER 661C-456-45



for quicker recuperation after 'FLU

Beware of the lingering after-effects of influenza, when your resistance and vitality are at their lowest ebb, and you feel unable to cope with your depression and weakness.

Act promptly. Take PHOSFERINE from the first day of convalescence. PHOSFERINE gives your nervous system exactly what it needs to restore the balance of your whole physical being—and that in a form quickly and easily assimilated.

PHOSFERINE restores nerve-energy—upon which, first of all, your normal health depends. It hastens your recovery, and it *tones* you up.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

RENEWS VITAL FORCE

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

YOUR CHEMIST HAS IT—GET IT NOW

A 6d. trial size of PHOSFERINE TABLETS is now obtainable—*(Not available in Eire)*

WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

C.F.H.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"——————they are all guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

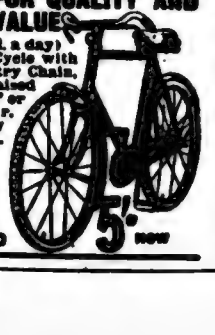
without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/- per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Cash Paid £3:19:9 or 5/- monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:10:9 Terms: 6/3 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Raleigh, Rucos, Club Models



J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/- now

YOU WOMEN AROUND 40

Should Know This Secret!

With the 40's there comes a slowing down of most of the body's chemical processes; this frequently accounts for underweight, weakness, and that tired, run-down, nervy feeling. At this time the system puts added demands upon its reserves of vitally needed elements. Take care to avoid malnourishment by replacing these vital minerals and vitamins. You'll make no mistake if you try "Vikelp."

The body's chemical processes that change digested food into rich blood, firm flesh, require certain minerals and vitamins . . . elements usually deficient in our modern daily diet. "Vikelp" provides these nutritional elements, without which good nourishment is wasted. Its iron, copper, calcium, magnesium, phosphorus, etc., plus its vitamins and natural sea-plant iodine, make the system get the real good out of food. Contains absolutely no drugs!

Start "Vikelp" today. Thousands report they eat, sleep, look and feel better and, if underweight, add healthy extra pounds. Money back if YOU are not satisfied with results. Your chemist has it! Send for free 50-page Book on why YOU need Minerals and Vitamins, to Health Products Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. J.B 2/4), 128 Baker Street, London, W.1

You Will Be Startled by

Confessions of a Juryman

The Jury has retired. Days of legal argument are over. A man's future—perhaps his life—hangs in the balance. What goes on behind the locked doors? JOHN BULL asked a juryman who served during a recent spectacular trial to tell his story. It shows grave defects in a system that for centuries has been cherished in England.

The judge tries the case but the jury give the verdict

"MEMBERS of the jury, you may now retire to consider your verdict."

There had been six long days of hearing the case since we had taken the oath that we would "well and truly try between our sovereign lord the King and the prisoners at the bar and a true verdict give according to the evidence."

Six long days, including two Monday washing days for the little middle-aged widow who had sat on my right throughout the trial.

She had had to leave her children to manage for themselves as best they could. One of the younger ones had a cold. She had been worried about them all the time.

Eminent counsel had been engaged. The whole structure of the case, both for and against the two men in the dock, had been painstakingly built up and now, at last, it was complete, awaiting only one thing. Our verdict.

We were, I suppose, a typical jury, our qualifications being that we were over twenty-one and were ratepayers.

Three were women, the worried mother who had sat on my right, a young woman on my left and an elderly woman who had been in the front row, obviously bewildered and flustered at finding herself in so strange a place as a criminal court.

On the second day's hearing the young woman had entered the jury box wearing a different hat, the brim of which, at a certain *chic* angle, hid her eyes.

SHE had confided to me the reason for the change. She could get in a comfortable nap without being noticed. Being in the back row helped. She had kept to that hat during the remainder of the case.

The rest of us—well, say we were the average run, the sort you would meet in any pub, club or workshop.

The youngest member was fresh from Oxford, complete with accent. He had a brand new young wife waiting at home and he was anxious to get back to her.

The black-robed usher was sworn to take us into his custody. No one must tamper with our weighty judgment.

Then, the usher leading, we filed out, through a door and along a corridor. Stooping at a heavy oak door, the usher opened it and we passed in. It was the jury room.

That door would be locked on us till we had reached our verdict.

CARPET was on the floor, a big fire in the grate. A long heavy oak table occupied the centre of the room and twelve soft padded chairs were ranged about it.

It had been a long day and it was now half-past four in the afternoon.

The portliest among us took the chair. He looked as though he was used to conducting council meetings.

"I think," he said, "we should consider the case against the two prisoners separately. The first-named prisoner obviously comes first. The other, just as obviously, must be considered apart. Now take the first of the four counts against the first prisoner. Are we agreed?"

It was going just like a council meeting.

"Guilty! Agreed! Hear, hear!" It was unanimous.

"Guilty as hell, mate!" said one of the jurors forcibly. The elderly lady looked shocked, but she didn't demur.

"There are three other counts against the first prisoner," the chairman reminded us, "and we must dispose of them first."

It didn't take long. He *was* guilty! He was as ripe a rogue as the police had ever caught. He was guilty on all counts. It was the verdict of us all.

The second prisoner's turn now. He was a young man in his early twenties. Innocent tool, or confederate? He was charged with being a confederate, with those same four counts against him.

"Now the other man, on the first count," said the chairman, who was doing very comfortably. "Those in favour of guilty, please show your hands."

Four hands went up, including that of the elderly lady. It had become a sort of routine. But, glancing round, she looked confused to find herself in a minority and her hand dropped.

"Those in favour of a verdict of 'not guilty.'"

Nine hands went up, including that of the elderly lady, the worried mother and the young woman.

Said the middle-aged mother: "I *do* think we ought to let that poor young man off. It does seem a shame!"

"Besides," said the young woman, "he isn't guilty. Anyone can see that. He's only a kid."

"As guilty as hell!" declared the juror who liked that expression. "He wouldn't be in it at all if he wasn't. We've got to use our common-sense!"

"But, *gentlemen*," pleaded the young man with the Oxford accent, "what about the evidence? There wasn't a scrap of real evidence against him."

It was nothing like a council meeting now and the chairman, after a desperate attempt, gave it up.

It went on and on. The elderly lady was definitely uncomfortable about the disturbance, but she couldn't detach herself from it. The young woman was strolling round with a cigarette—she had made up her mind—and the middle-aged mother was looking anxiously at the clock, taking not the smallest part in the proceedings. She was only waiting for them to get it all over. It was getting near six o'clock.

"DO come over to our side!" pleaded the young man from Oxford. He had gone round the room to persuade each in turn.

"All right," agreed one at last. "Nobody can say I'm pig-headed, and I don't want to stay here all night, either, but I still stick to it he is as guilty as hell all the same!"

Deadlock, and the rabble started afresh. We had no chairman now. He was standing with his back to the fire, smoking.

. . . "remember what the Judge said!" . . . "Rats! We've got to use our common-sense!" . . . "I'm standing out in the interests of justice" . . . "what justice?" . . . "General justice" . . . "he's not innocent, or he wouldn't be mixed up in it" . . . "anybody who knew that first crook must have known from the start he was a bad egg. . . ."

The young woman was getting restless, she was strolling round with another cigarette.

One of the remaining obdurate men said:

"I'm fed up! What's more, they've been open nearly a couple of hours now. Let's all agree."

That made it eleven to one, the last obdurate juror was standing out. He was trying to make a bargain.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll agree to acquitting the younger prisoner if you will agree to bring in the first prisoner guilty *on one count only.*"

The Clerk to the Court was at that moment unlocking the door to say that if we really could not agree we had better return to court and say so.

There was a flurry of acceptance of that bargain.

"GOSH," groaned the young man from Oxford, "we are asking to be certified as lunatics! **That crook getting away on all counts, except the first, when he has as good as admitted them!**"

There was a hushed silence when we returned to the Court.

The younger man in the case was dismissed. The remaining prisoner, whom the jury had unanimously agreed was guilty on all counts brought against him, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

"The most I can give you," the Judge said, "on the one count of which you have been convicted."

In the lobby outside, when I was just about to leave, the obdurate juror came upon me. He clapped me on the shoulder to show there was no ill-will. His face was beaming.

"Well," he said, "alone I did it!"

Another juror who was with me turned away. "Hell!" he said.

We had been there for six days.

A Great Day

WEDNESDAY, March 1, will be a great day for the reading public of Great Britain.

On that day *Illustrated*, a great new pictorial magazine, will make its bow, offering the finest pictures, features and fiction.

This new paper will have 64 pages with something for every age and every taste, and its price—only 2d.—will suit every pocket.

The picture service of this new prodigy of modern journalism will be unique, but it will be rivalled by a brilliant editorial section bringing you the work of some of the most famous writers of to-day.

In the first issue next Wednesday you will find Winston Churchill writing on the parallel between Hitler and Napoleon; Roland Pertwee begins an exciting new serial, and there will be short stories by P. C. Wren, Hannen Swaffer, Peter Cheyney, S. L. Bensusan and Richard Connell.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

Alma

ALMA, a happy little girl of twelve, had a bad fall recently. Her right leg was fractured and the shock affected her sight. She is almost blind in one eye.

Yet when she was brought to JOHN BULL office the other day, a sorry little figure with her leg in plaster and a shade over her eye, she was worried—"because Daddy is poorly."

Her father was with her. He is waiting to have an operation on his throat. But because he is workless and because out of 39s. unemployment pay he has to pay 15s. 11d. rent, he feels he must go on waiting.

You see Alma's picture here. In sickness she thinks of others. Will you think of her? Any donation sent by readers will go to relieve her father's crushing burden.

Lists of donations are kept at the JOHN BULL office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We acknowledge with grateful thanks £1 from "A Sympathetic Widow of Northern Ireland," and 10s. from "S. E." of Plymouth.

Donations for Alma should be earmarked "Alma" and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Another Out-of-the-Rut Series Begins To-day:

HOW YOU CHANGED

Your life has changed amazingly in the last few years. Not only your clothes, but your food, your money, your entertainment, your heroes, your very opinions have been subtly transformed.

A dozen revolutions have been taking place before your eyes, as steadily as a clock-hand moves—and as stealthily.

For, almost certainly, you haven't noticed the appearance of this new design for living.

In this new series JOHN BULL sets out to show you the vast changes that have been made in the pattern of your everyday life during the past decade.

Read—and be astonished. . . .

No. I—The Amazing Revolution in Sport

"THE DOGS" started it—an extraordinary, almost unbelievable revolution in spectacular sport in this country.

And it has all taken place within twelve years.

How your sporting tastes have changed since the mechanical hare was imported from America, and the first greyhound racing course was opened at Manchester!

From "The Dogs" has spread a great industry of sports promotion, with millions of invested capital.

Now there is a constant, feverish striving to obtain some new sporting attraction that will pack the dog tracks and indoor arenas in close seasons and on off nights.

A quick—and comfortable—fortune can be made by any one with good ideas.

Let us look at the twelve-year-old and and even younger sports of Britain—greyhound racing, motor-cycle speedways, ice hockey, basketball, and the like. And let us see what they mean in public interest, money, and organisation.

It is a fascinating, unique picture—this changing face of Sport.

Manchester began greyhound racing. Now there are sixty-five tracks licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club, together with a number of so-called unlicensed tracks.

The amount spent on the construction and equipment of the tracks exceeds £13,500,000.

The number of greyhounds registered for racing is approximately 75,000. Their value is £3,750,000.

Direct employment in connection with dog racing is provided for 21,000 people, or roughly the total population of the Royal Borough of Windsor.

Last year more than 30,000,000 paid admittances were recorded at the licensed racing tracks.

That is—when you think of it—a most amazing turnstile record. It is only 10,000,000 short of the entire population of England.

All these people invested in betting transactions on the totalisator—quite apart from what they entrusted to bookmakers—nearly £40,000,000, or roughly £1 10s. per head of attendance.

"Tote" machines at greyhound tracks are, in some instances, far bigger than those at horse race meetings.

The "Tote" at the White City, London, is the largest in the world.

ON DOG DERBY NIGHT LAST YEAR THIS TOTE HANDLED £150,000 IN 2s. UNIT BETS IN ONE RACE ALONE.

Somewhere in England during every night of the year there is now dog racing. Most of the tracks, however, have a short close season, and there is no doubt that soon there will be a national "shut down" for four months.

This will come as the whole of the tracks conform to registration under the National Greyhound Racing Club.

Second only to football as a new non-betting sporting attraction is speedway motor-cycle racing.

Here is a sport which is supported almost entirely by young people, and 34 per cent.—according to a census taken at a London track—are young women.

SPEEDWAY, or dirt-track, racing came on the map of entertainment values less than ten years ago, when the Empire Stadium at Wembley organised meetings.

Now at the more popular tracks it is a bad night if the attendance is not more than 30,000.

The Wembley Stadium has held as many spectators for the opening of the speedway season, or for a particularly interesting contest, as it does for the Football Association Cup final.

Until you have been to a motor-cycle speedway you have no idea of the partisan enthusiasm of the young spectators.

They are wilder than the most hectic football "fans." Popular riders are idolised, placed on a higher scale of youthful adoration than famous film stars, international cricketers, or crack soccer men.

AN interesting sidelight on Speedway: Majority of the spectators pay no more than a shilling for their evening's excitement; refreshment receipts are 75 per cent. for non-alcoholic drinks, bags of potato crisps and chewing-gum.

One London speedway track sold 27,000 bags of potato crisps in an evening.

Chief of the speedway riders make up to £5,000 a year in standard payments, prize money and bonuses. And when they have finished riding in England, they go to Australia or America and carry on.

Even the second string riders pick up between £30 and £35 a week during the English season, which opens in April.

Running a speedway national league team is a costly business, and the promoters have to be content with a small profit.

But the sport keeps its grip on the young, and this year the crowds are going to be larger than ever at the London tracks.

Indeed, managers are wondering how they will be able to deal with the throngs of supporters.

ICE HOCKEY IS GOING TO MAKE THE SAME ASTOUNDING PROGRESS.

A WEEK AGO IN LONDON THERE WERE 27,000 SPECTATORS AT THREE RINK ICE HOCKEY MATCHES — THE BEST COMPOSITE ATTENDANCE SINCE ICE HOCKEY TOOK ITS PLACE IN OUR NEW DESIGN FOR LIVING.

Rut UIVE NGED!

The two pictures show the rage of ten years ago and the rage of to-morrow—Midget Golf and Basket Ball.

The season for ice hockey, fastest, most thrilling of all under-cover games, runs from November to the spring.

Less than five years ago the sport had its real birth in London, and up to the present it is mainly confined to the South of England.

But next autumn that will be changed. New ice rinks suitable for hockey matches have been opened—or are being built—at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Ayr, Nottingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Northampton.

The National League will spread its divisions to the Midlands, the North and Scotland.

We shall have—within measurable time—a National Ice Hockey Cup on the lines of the F.A. Cup.

Judge the new sport's attractions from the fact that the railway companies run regular excursions from the south Midlands and the home counties for the London rink matches, just as they run football excursions.

Enthusiasts in provincial towns have adopted London rink teams as their own, and will cheerfully pay the price of an excursion ticket, plus the cost of admission, in order to watch their particular side.

Running a first-class ice hockey team means expense of £130 a week. Players—who are nearly all Canadians—receive £8 a week, although they are ranked as amateurs, and a bonus at the end of the season according to the success of their side.

Then on top the salaries of manager, coach and various auxiliaries have to be met. The two principal London rinks—Wembley and Harringay—each provide two separate teams.

ICE-PRODUCING plant at a modern rink calls for a minimum expenditure of £8,000, but the maintenance charges are comparatively low.

Because of the popularity of ice hockey a large number of English lads are training in the hope that one day they may graduate into a first league team, and earn—as amateurs—the £8 a week.

Wembley has 200 of these "coming on" youngsters, and Harringay nearly the same number. Most of the lads learned their skating on "rollers" over street pavements, and transferred afterwards to ice as local rinks gave them the chance.

Each new rink and arena as it is opened forms a centre of all kinds of indoor athletics and sports. That is why there is such competition in building between the large towns.

The ice season occupies a rink for six months, and the remainder of the year must be filled in some other endeavour to attract the public, and indirectly encourage physical fitness.

Dogs, speedway, ice hockey are the new sports you have chosen.

What of the future? What of the coming changes?

BASKET BALL IS TIPPED AS *THE* GAME WHICH, DURING THE SPRING AND SUMMER, WILL SWEEP INTO WIDE POPULAR FAVOUR.

Already there are 500 clubs, with 5,000 players, in the Amateur Basket Ball Association. These clubs are mainly in the Midlands and North.

NEXT month will see the opening in London of a National basket ball competition. Regular matches are to be played between selected teams on the league system.

It is claimed for basket ball that it is the *perfect* physical fitness game, calling for all the qualities of a super-athlete. It is incredibly fast and exciting to watch.

The game is played five-a-side for forty terrific minutes on an indoor court measuring ninety feet by fifty. The "goal" is a netted ring ten feet above each end of the court.

So far the proved best team in this country is one composed of young Mormon missionaries from Salt Lake City, who put in an hour's hard practice every day.

But there is an all-British team in secret training which is hoping to beat the Americans for the new league championship.

In the United States basket ball matches commonly draw 20,000 spectators. More than 30,000,000 people attended competition games in the last American season.

Promoters on this side are hoping that the game—when well presented—will rival ice hockey.

Latest of all the sports enterprises is Speedway Roller-skating, which has put New York in a furore and, at the moment, is exciting Paris.

An experiment is to be made with the sport at Harringay in April.

Rolling-skating speedway is a sort of cross between dirt-track riding and six-day cycling contests.

Mixed teams of six men and six girls take part on a banked-up roller-skating track, representing countries.

There are various races—relays, pursuits, and "jams," under a peculiar code of rules which permits outrageous bumping, and boring and interference.

A good "jam" may lead to half a team crashing on the trackside in a jumble of twisted bodies and legs.

Skaters are heavily padded and wear crash helmets to save the risk of serious injury. The game is so strenuous that a roller-skating speedway expert has an effective life of only two years.

After that he or she has passed the prime.

Most of the girls who take part are aged only 18 to 20. Some are only 16. At 20 a girl is finished. When they are not skating these "heroines" are in charge of two stern-faced middle-aged matrons.

Well, if London likes the business, it will spread.

Changes which have affected sport and the followers of sport during the past decade are not confined simply to new athletic games and attractions. It is only five years ago that football betting pools began to grow into mammoth proportions.

To-day 10,500,000 people take part each week in these coupon football forecasts.

Returns of the Post Office give the only indication of the vast amount of money turned over in the pools.

Last year the Post Office sold 399,331,000 postal orders, representing £99,903,000.

Of that amount, £49,500,000 was estimated as being due to *normal sales* of business and payment.

Of the balance, £50,100,000 was ascribed to football pool demands.

IT is only ten years since totalisator betting on the racecourses was established. The first "totes" were operated at Newmarket and Carlisle in July, 1929.

Every year from then onward the fashion in horse-race betting has been altering.

During 1937, £7,903,721 passed through the "totes" of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, of which £2,149,225 was transmitted to the racecourse totalisators from "off-the-course" sources.

When the figures for last year are made up, the money on "tote" betting is likely to be near the £8,300,000 mark.

Greater changes have taken place in sport and sport services within a few years than in any other recreational phase of our national life.

The figures make the story.

And "The Dogs" began it all.

The Case of the LIMPING JUDGE

A SHORT time ago the war dogs of Europe were snapping and snarling over the territorial bone of Czechoslovakia.

For months past the story of their frantic preparations had filled the newspaper columns, swamping out less important items of news.

Among others was the story of what is probably the most amazing murder investigation that Europe ever saw—the killing of Judge Jan Velgo, Superior Circuit Judge of Brno (Brunn).

Velgo, a highly respected man and one of the most influential jurists in Czechoslovakia, was known as "The Limping Judge of Teschen."

The story really opens in the early part of last year, when Inspector Frantisek Safarik dropped into the Duty Room at the Brno Headquarters.

"Oh, hullo, Karel!" he greeted Subordinate Inspector Rehor. "I've been to turn in my report on the Masek case. But the Chief's just gone out. They tell me he left my duty orders with you a few minutes ago. What's on?"

"You've been posted to the Velgo affair," his colleague answered as he pushed over a slip of paper. "And I'm to go with you!"

Safarik unfolded the piece of paper: "Velgo? You mean Judge Velgo? I saw a few lines about it in the morning paper as I came up. But there aren't any details! What's the news?" he asked.

"I'll tell you on the road!" said Rehor. He stopped long enough to telephone through for a police car.

"It's like this," he continued, "one of Velgo's neighbours 'phoned up last evening to say there was a dickens of a row going on in the judge's home.

"According to him, it sounded like a struggle of some sort. Anyway, the Night Chief sent Vaclav and Ambroz over to see what it was all about.

"Ambroz tells me that everything was quiet when they got there. They rang and knocked for a while. But there was no answer.

"They were just wondering what to do when they heard a shot from inside the house. They burst the door open, raced in and found a man lying on the floor of the music room with a bullet through his head. He was still alive, and a revolver was on the floor at his feet!"

"Who was it?" Safarik queried. "Velgo?"

"No! They found him in one of the bathrooms—dead!

"The man is named Michael Cerny. Vaclav says that, just as they found him, they heard a woman crying. It was Madame Marie Velgo — the judge's wife.

"She was locked in another bathroom with the key on the outside! When they let her out she said two masked bandits came through the kitchen window while she, Cerny and the judge were having a quiet musical evening.

"She couldn't identify either of them—they didn't look familiar! But, anyway, they pushed her in the bathroom, warned her to keep quiet and locked the door.

"Then she heard a fight going on in the music room. Finally there were sounds as if someone were being dropped into a tub full of water in the spare bathroom. After that there was a shot! And then Ambroz let her out!"

"And the judge?"

"He was bound hand and foot and was lying in the other bath with water over his head. Someone's hit him over the head! We don't know yet if he was drowned or if he died from the effects of the blow!"

"How is Cerny?" Safarik asked.

"In bad shape. We don't know if he's going to pull through. And Madame Velgo's not much better. She's so hysterical the doctor won't allow us to question her. She's in the same hospital as Cerny.

"Incidentally, he's still unconscious—has been ever since he was shot."

Just at that moment the car swung into the drive of a private house.

Detective Ambroz came forward to greet them. He led the way to the music room and began to reconstruct the scene of the crime.

"Cerny was sitting here," he said. "And the judge there! Madame, herself, was at the piano. The two bandits came through this door here. It leads to a kitchen where there's a small window.

"That must be the way they got in, because it's the only unbolted one in the place."

"Is it? That's interesting!" the inspector remarked. "And where do these other doors lead?"

"One goes to the conservatory. And the other opens into a passage where the bathrooms are.

"We haven't found any clues—only a woman's cheap handkerchief which was lying by the gun. It's the sort you could buy in any store in Brno. There aren't any finger-prints, either.

"There are none of any sort on the gun and no strange ones on the window. Madame Velgo tells me both the bandits wore gloves!" "Any suspects?"

"Hundreds! Thirteen hundred, to be exact! We've found a series of photo albums with pictures of nude women. The judge himself took them and he's numbered each one and stuck the girl's name and address underneath.

"I'm afraid our respected judge was a gay dog. We've found his diaries, too.

"It seems he deliberately set out to ruin as many young girls as he could. When he was fifteen he had a serious illness, which left him deformed. No girls would look at him.

"So he swore he'd become rich and powerful. And he deliberately planned to become judge of the Morals Court, so he could quash any complaints against himself.

"He used to advertise loans, free of security and interest to young girls in need. When they took his money he had them in his grip. If those diaries are correct, every one of those girls had good reason to murder him!"

"DOES Madame Velgo appear in the 'art gallery'?"

"Yes, she does. She was shrewd enough to trap him into marriage. But he was mean and she soon got tired of him."

Safarik moved to the kitchen door. "Let's see that window!" he remarked.

He noted a pile of cotton-reels on the sill. "Is that how you found it last night?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. And the window was closed, too!"

Safarik pushed the window up to find that, owing to a warped frame, it stuck half-way, leaving a gap of some nineteen inches.

Madame Velgo . . . . she was in her husband's "Art Gallery"

Then he swung on his heel and walked to the bathroom where Madame Velgo had been imprisoned.

Here he did a curious thing. Taking out a magnifying-glass, he made a minute examination of the rusty bolt on the door.

The bolt slid along fairly easily. But, apparently, it had not been used for months. The Velgos must have kept it locked.

Glancing around, he saw an ordinary chair which stood against the wall.

He pulled this towards him and examined the back of it very carefully, paying particular attention to the rear portion of the top bar.

Then he stooped down to peer at the paintwork on the door immediately below the brass handle.

He had half expected to find this paintwork scratched. But it wasn't!

STANDING erect, he glanced at the closed window, then opened it, to find the wall of another house was about 16 ft. away.

"So that's how things stand, is it?" he asked himself softly. "This makes it look a little different!"

He turned to Rehor: "Our next stop's the mortuary, Karel!" he said. "I want to have a look at that body. After that we might come back here!"

When he saw the dead judge he passed no remark. What Safarik was looking

(*Continued on page 24*)

Women and Crime—5

Thirteen hundred suspects! But Inspector Safarik traced the two killers within a few hours.

By Louis C. S. Mansfield

Criminologist and Author

The glamour that grows with an Odol Smile

Soft lips, parting in a smile, a smile that's born of love!

Yet the beauty of that smile, the beauty of the teeth it half reveals hangs on the 1/100oth of an inch of enamel which is their sole protection against decay. Is it any wonder dentists warn us against tooth-pastes whose whitening powers depend on gritty ingredients? For some tooth-pastes are like that. Slowly but surely they grind away that slender film.

Test your present tooth-paste. Put it to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your teeth. If you feel the slightest trace of grittiness—change to Odol at once. Dentists know that Odol is the *quality* tooth-paste, the smoothest and safest tooth-paste you can buy. Yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Get a 6d. tube of Odol to-day or post coupon below for free sample.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste (3 sizes): Solid Dentifrice, Tooth-powder or Denture Powder—all at 6d. And as the famous Odol Mouthwash in various sizes.

Odol

Free Sample. *Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbarr Ltd. (Dept. JB6), Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.* **BLOCK CAPITALS** *please!*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

COUGH, COUGH, COUGH!

If you've got a cough there's only one sensible thing to do about it—and that is to get rid of it *as quickly as ever you can.* If you leave it to run its course the germs will breed and multiply in your throat and lungs, and almost certainly a bad cold will develop with possibly more serious complaints in its wake.

It's no good taking cough mixtures which merely have a temporary soothing effect; you must take something which really *attacks* the germs—and that "something" is Famel Syrup. Famel Syrup is quite different from ordinary cough mixtures. It contains soluble Lactocreosote which is carried by the blood to the throat and lungs and breathing passages, where it acts both as an antiseptic and preventive—making it impossible for germs of coughs and colds to live.

Although Famel has such a powerful effect, it does not cause any distress to your vital organs. Quite the reverse. It calms your throat and removes the feeling of pressure on your chest and lungs, while its tonic properties build up your strength so that your body can defend itself against future attacks. Famel Syrup not only does the job thoroughly, it does it *quickly.* In many cases three or four doses have been enough to destroy the germs altogether. Famel (brand) Syrup—which is a recognised medical product, used regularly by doctors and nurses in hospitals and sanatoria all over the world—is obtainable at your chemist. Prices—1/6 and 3/-.

Famel Syrup

Brand

CONQUERS COUGHS

How the "SKIN-VITAMIN" in Pond's Creams helps you

LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

HER BEAUTY CARE: Lady Rosemary says, "I use Pond's Cold Cream every night to remove all dirt and keep my skin stimulated. Thanks to the marvellous 'skin-vitamin' my complexion has become smoother, brighter, finer."

HER MAKE-UP: "Before powdering, I make my skin soft and smooth with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds my powder perfectly and protects my skin against roughening."

ANALYSIS OF GLAMOUR

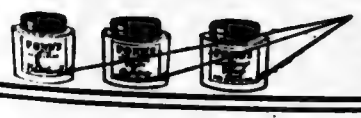
● **SATIN SMOOTHNESS** It will be *yours* when you use Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin"—for this vitamin actually gives you a *BRAND NEW SKIN.*

● **YOUTHFUL.** Frown and forehead wrinkles and little squint lines round the eyes will soften out. For the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream rebuilds the skin tissue.

● **CLEAR COLOUR** Your complexion will take on lovely natural colour—dullness will disappear—when your skin gets a daily supply of the essential "skin-vitamin." Read the astonishing facts below.

● **FINE TEXTURE** Coarse pores will draw together—become invisible—as Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" makes your skin healthy again.

SCIENTISTS now know that if your skin lacks one certain vitamin, it becomes rough, dull, subject to blemishes, looks years older. But now you can put this "skin-vitamin" directly *into* your skin by applying it *on* your skin in Pond's Cream. Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream contain the beauty-making "skin-vitamin." Women have found it makes their skin smoother, fresher in colour, makes pores smaller, makes lines soften away. Start using Pond's Cream *today*.



Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a cleansing cream that melts as it is applied.

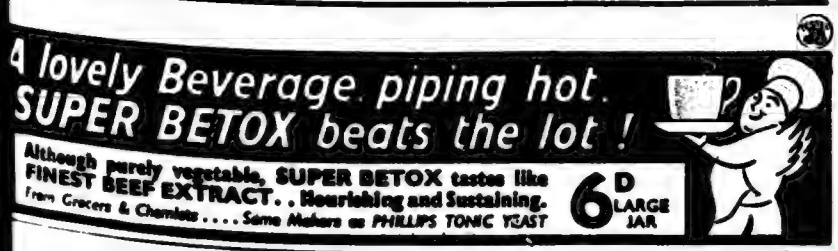
"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."


A lovely Beverage piping hot.
SUPER BETOX beats the lot!
Although purely vegetable, SUPER BETOX tastes like FINEST BEEF EXTRACT. . Nourishing and Sustaining.
From Grocers & Chemists . . . . Same Makers as PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST
6D LARGE JAR

The **OLIVE OIL** *in* **PALMOLIVE**

keeps her Schoolgirl Complexion all over

This is the girl with the lovely complexion—the girl whose beauty goes further than her face. The girl who's proud of her skin wherever it's on show—because she baths daily with Palmolive. Every Palmolive bath is a veritable beauty bath. Palmolive's velvety, searching lather is rich with olive oil, the gentlest, most thorough cleanser on earth, on the word of 20,000 beauty specialists. So use Palmolive all over. Don't be content to be lovely in patches. Be clean, be fresh and fragrant, be Schoolgirl Complexion *all over* with Palmolive.

3d

DRY SCALP

ruins the appearance of your hair

Use this **HAIR DRESSING** that ends Dry Scalp

There's nothing so deadly to hair as Dry Scalp. It starts with your hair feeling dry, then you get scurf, dandruff, the hairs fall out or snap and break and finally you go bald.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long.* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and *look* smarter.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER

For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.), with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. J.B. 23, Chesebrough Manfg. Co. Cons'd. Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline TRADE MARK HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

NEW!
'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp as on side of bath.) Price 4d.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Wanted in Whitehall

The Semi - Permanent Under Secret'ry's
Secret'ry's feeling queer,
The Chief Comptroller of Rubber Stamps
About his room like a tiger tramps
When feeding time is near!

The whole of Whitehall is upside-down,
The Ship of State's all at sea,
Its officers all in a frightful huff—
Because, it seems, there are not enough
Skilled typists to make their tea!

YOU must admit that it's pretty grim that there should be a shortage of typists in Whitehall just when the nation is (as usual) at the cross-roads and it is necessary (once more) to explore every avenue.

Without someone to dictate to, our Whitehall dictators are helpless. So now (if I may say so) is the time for all good girls to come to the aid of all of us.

If, however, it should prove unnecessary to reinforce the police and the Life Guards to cope with the rush of applicants, this will be because the average typist doesn't feel learned enough to satisfy Whitehall standards.

In the City a typist is considered satisfactory if she can take down and type umpty-something words a minute, correcting the Boss' grammar *en route*, can spell more or less, and has hair of the same colour as that of her employer's ever-watchful wife.

But Whitehall typists must be able to speak French, answer questions regarding the monsoon type of climate, and solve amusing conundrums, such as: If one tap fills a bath in twelve minutes and another in twenty minutes, how soon will the bath be filled if both run at the same time?

This last, presumably, is important. I meantersay, it would be dashed awkward if the Minister of Pink Tape, in a strange bathroom at Geneva, rang through to his typist and she couldn't tell him how long it would take him to boil if he turned on a couple of taps, the warm shower, the hot douche and the electric heater.

After all, it is desirable, don't you think, that somebody somewhere connected with the Government should know something or other? Yet we can't very well insist on Cabinet Ministers passing an examination, can we?

Without someone to dictate to, he's helpless

No reasonable person expects a Minister to know whether the Ukraine is an island or a musical instrument, and unless his typist has up-to-date information on the point he may sign a treaty under a complete misapprehension.

So it is to be hoped that our typists, when not swimming the Channel or thwarting bag-snatchers, will fit themselves to do their bit.

If you're willing to work for your country,
Well, now is the time to begin;
If you know twice as much as the av'rage M.P.,
Can type and do shorthand, speak French and make tea,
Proud Whitehall will welcome you in—
Then you can, if you're ready your country to rob,
Impoverish it weekly by thirty-three bob!

Y. Z.

Limping Judge Case

Continued from previous page

for were finger-marks on the judge's throat.

He found them!

Plenty of them! Long scratches made by slipping nails.

As he turned away the assistant inspector enquired, "Where do we go from here?"

"To interview one of our murderers!"

"One of our murderers?" repeated Rehor.

"Yes, one of our murderers—Madame Marie Velgo!"

"Here, hold on a bit! How do you make that out? Why, she was locked in a bathroom when this happened!"

"She wasn't!" Safarik rejoined slowly. "She was locked in when Ambroz and Vaclav reached her, that's all!"

"Do you recall that kitchen window?" he asked. "It was the only unbolted one in the place. So, presumably, that's the way the culprits got in. Presumably, too, that's the way they got out again!"

"The officers were in that room a few minutes after Cerny was shot. That means the killers had to make their getaway as fast as they could. Yet one of them stopped long enough to close the window! That doesn't make sense!"

"PERHAPS not," said Rehor. "But they might have done that specially to halt the pursuit for a moment or two."

"All right, let's suppose they did. The window will only open about nineteen inches—that's not a large gap. And it'd be a fairly tight squeeze for the average man.

"Yet we're asked to believe two men clambered through that small space without knocking those cotton-reels off the sill!"

"Of course. I see it now!" exclaimed Rehor. "It couldn't be done. The killers were in the house all the time!"

"Yes," said Safarik. "And the principal villain in the plot is Madame Marie Velgo herself.

"There were no finger-prints on the gun. That means it must have been purposely wiped clean.

"And what about those finger-marks on the judge's throat. And those nail scratches! He was strangled with bare hands!

"Are we to believe that, after pushing Madame Velgo into the bathroom, the bandits put their guns in their pockets, took their gloves off, strangled the judge and then put their gloves on again before shooting Cerny?

"Not only that, but if the mystery killers were prepared to risk rousing the neighbourhood by shooting Cerny they'd have shot the judge also!

"They wouldn't have bothered to waste half an hour trying to strangle and drown him!"

"Well, who did?" Rehor asked. "I can't believe that Madame Velgo strangled the judge, shot Cerny and then locked herself in the bathroom, leaving the key on the wrong side!"

"Neither can I," replied Safarik. "That is, unless she happens to know the old pencil-and-string trick.

"And, unless Cerny was in on the plot, he wouldn't stand idly by while she did it! There's only one answer!

"She and Cerny cooked this up between them. They were going to arrange the whole thing to look like an accident! That's why they dumped him in the bath.

"If they didn't intend to do that, they'd have contented themselves with battering him to death with the same thing they hit him with!"

"Unfortunately for them, Vaclav and Ambroz got along before they had time to finish the job. So Cerny locked Madame Velgo in the bathroom, wiped the gun clean of all finger-prints, held it in that handkerchief and tried to inflict a minor scalp wound on himself!"

"And you think he made a mistake and almost killed himself?"

"That's just what I do think! Perhaps the handkerchief prevented him from holding the gun correctly! Now, I think we'll go to see Madame Velgo!"

Despite the doctors' opinions, the inspector insisted on interviewing his suspect. It didn't take him long to see through her ruse of nervous prostration.

He talked to her for a while. First gently, then in a firm tone.

"Well, madame," he said at last, "you might as well have it straight. Michael Cerny has recovered consciousness! He's dying! But he wouldn't die with a brutal murder on his conscience! So he's made a complete confession!"

MADAME VELGO paled. "What. . . . What did he say?"

"He said that you and he arranged to kill your husband. You made Cerny help you. The two of you held the judge up with the pistol and bound him. Then you dumped him in the bath. You were going to make it look like an accident.

"But the police arrived before you could make the final arrangements! So you cooked up the bandit story together. Cerny locked you in the bathroom. Then he tried to inflict a minor wound on himself with the pistol. But he miscalculated!"

Madame Velgo did not speak immediately. Then:

"Well, since he's told you that, I'd better tell you the real truth. Cerny did kill my husband. But I had no part in it!

"I didn't even know he was going to do it! He and I have been lovers for a long while!

"Last night, while we were all in the music room, he took out the revolver, bound Jan, locked me in the bathroom and then put Jan into the bath.

"That's the truth! When he shot himself he wasn't trying to make a fake wound. He was committing suicide!"

Safarik made no comment, though he disbelieved the entire story.

He took Madame Velgo's statement down in writing, before arresting her and finally going to make enquiries about Cerny.

The doctors had altered their original opinion.

They had come to the conclusion that he was in no immediate danger, and at once gave Safarik permission to question him.

SAFARIK thrust Madame Velgo's statement under Cerny's nose.

Then he revealed the whole story.

"That's not true!" he said. **"She helped me kill the Judge. She made me do it! She wanted me to for a long time, and she threatened that, if I didn't, she'd tell her husband about us. The Judge would have me put in prison!"**

It did not take Frantisek Safarik long to gather the loose ends together after that.

He found that Marie Havlick, regretting her marriage to the Judge, had started planning his death within two months of the wedding!

When Cerny was up for trial the jury had no hesitation in finding him guilty.

But, to everyone's astonishment, that same jury returned a "sympathetic verdict" in favour of Marie Velgo.

She was found "Not guilty!"

The prosecutor appealed against it. And Marie went on trial a second time.

The next jury decided that she was the prime mover in the case.

They found her guilty not only of conspiring to kill the Judge, but also of actually assisting to drown him.

The trial judge gave her the same punishment as he had given Cerny. He sentenced her to twelve years' imprisonment!

Sweet seventeen!

In her case it is only seventeen weeks: and what anxious weeks they were — until mother tried Nestlé's. Broken sleep, loss of weight, no smiles, no rosy cheeks, and all because her delicate little stomach couldn't digest her food. Now look at her! That is what Nestlé's Milk is doing for hundreds of similar cases, giving back to mother hope and happiness, and to baby the certainty of sturdy development, and a permanent grip on life. To think of all the weeks of anxiety she might have saved by trying Nestlé's earlier! But mother is so grateful that she is able to forget about those.

Nestlé's Milk is often the only food which baby can digest during the early critical months, but the value of Nestlé's does not end at infant feeding. As your little one grows up she will need all the nourishment you can give her if she is to maintain that splendid start, and fight away the common ills of childhood. Watch for those 'hallmarks of health' and steady development—sound teeth, sturdy limbs, and a bright clear skin. And make sure that she is getting just that extra goodness she needs by adding a big spoonful of Nestlé's where she will like it most—to porridge or cereals, to cocoa, and milk puddings. Spread thick on a biscuit it is delicious too!

Nestlé's Milk is a splendid food for babies up to the age of six months, and is invaluable for all children up to six years old. Nestlé's book "Baby," a wise and simple guide through all the ups and downs of baby's early days, and Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts, designed to cover the succeeding years, will be sent to you entirely free, on application to Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd., (I.F. 310) 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Going strong —thanks to

NESTLÉ'S MILK

The New Stork Cookery Book

"MEALS THAT ARE DIFFERENT" *plans brighter, more exciting meals*

There'll be no more worry over "What shall I give them for a change?" when you have this clever new cookery book. "MEALS THAT ARE DIFFERENT" is brimful of ideas for every meal and to suit every taste. There are original ways of cooking eggs, interesting differences with fish, special suggestions for cheese dishes, new puddings, new cakes, and lots of new ways with vegetables and cereals. Then there are the planned menus—energy-making, body-building meals for growing children, fattening meals for thin people and thinning meals for fat people—and a special chapter on health-giving dishes to suit each season.

CUT THIS OUT AND POST TODAY

Please send me a copy of your Free Book "Meals that are different," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company, Dept. B3, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

STORK MARGARINE

CONTAINS SUNSHINE VITAMINS A AND D

GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

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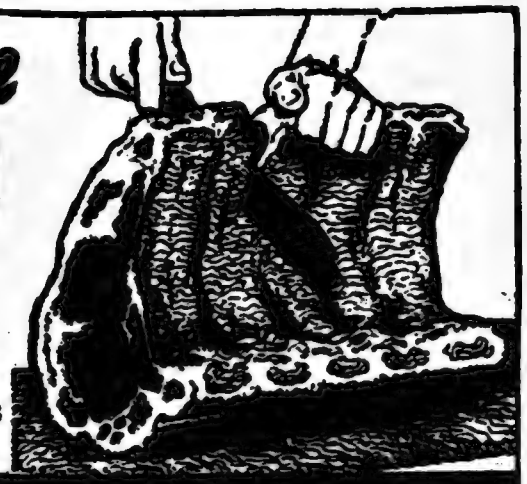
...ou taste ...he good Beef

...d. SQUARE MAKES 5 PLATES
1d. SQUARE 2 PLATES
Made in 15 minutes



Foster Clark's Soups

Short Story by Claire Lewis

VILLAGE Argument

EVERYBODY in the village was quarrelling about the tree.

Half the folk said: "It's got to go. Chop it down—burn it root and branch!"

The other half called them vandals, if they knew the word, and a lot of things just as harsh if they didn't.

They said: "The tree stays! It's been there ever since we were born, and no one is going to harm a leaf of it so long as we have any say in the matter!"

At least four families were no longer on speaking terms, they felt so bitter; and even little boys, taking their fathers' sides, stopped playing cowboys and redskins, and fought about the tree instead.

Imagine all that fuss about a tree! But then it was no ordinary tree.

It was a tree with a history, a tree with a past, a tree with grim secrets, from whose branches had once hung strange fruit that jingled and jangled as the winter wind set it swinging, and made dreadful music with the dry clash of leg chains and manacles.

It was, in fact, the old Gallows Tree, and it stood on a diamond of grass at the end of Gallows Lane, where the road forked three ways.

That was the cause of the trouble. If the Gallows Tree had been in an open field or in the centre of the village green no one would have bothered about it.

More than likely, the go-ahead young ones would have been just as proud of its link with the days of highwaymen and footpads as were the old people, who didn't want to see our village changed.

But since we had been given our own 'bus service and tourists had started calling at the inn . . . well, it was certainly a danger.

You see, Gallows Lane is two miles long and as straight as an arrow. The hedges are high and the trees form a canopy so closely woven that even on a midsummer day the lane has the dimness of early evening.

And not only is the sun's light kept out, but its warmth, too. The lane is always cool, with the clammy, sinister chill of a dungeon.

Motorists say that it's like entering a tunnel and that they often mistake the Gallows Tree at the end for a signpost, and wonder why one should be erected in such a risky position, for it gives them very little room to turn.

The old criminals must have seen it as a signpost, too. But to them it pointed the way to eternity, and they knew that once they reached it there was no turning they could take which would save them.

I'm quite proud of this little flight of imagination. It earned quite a few chuckles one night when we were standing round the forge, arguing the old problem over again.

JOE DAVIS, who keeps the general shop and post office, was the only one who didn't laugh. Joe's probably the richest man for some miles around, and he thinks even a smile might let his dignity down.

Besides, he had just become a car-owner, and as such had made himself the leader of all those who were out to have our Gallows Tree pulled down.

"That's right," said Joe, "laugh all you like. To us motorists"—and he puffed out his chest like a pouter pigeon—"that tree's a positive death-trap. Yes, a death-trap, that's what it is. I've a little influence with the county council, and if it means anything that old tree goes. Let me tell you. . . ."

But we didn't hear what he was going to tell us, for just then a big saloon car drove slowly past the forge and drew up at Joe's shop. Two men got out and went in.

As the door-bell tinkled, Joe picked up his jacket. "Wonder what they want? I'll be back in a minute."

He trotted off.

GEORGE JOHNSON, our policeman, put his helmet on, fixed the chin strap firmly, and wheeled his motor-cycle out into the road.

"Well," he said, "I've got to be going, too. The wife's been waiting long enough with my supper."

He turned to me: "I'll give you a lift down Gallows Lane."

I got astride the pillion, and he kicked the engine going.

Perhaps that was why we didn't hear the shots. But we did see the two men run from the shop. They were followed by Joe's wife, who was screaming.

She tried to get on the running-board, but they knocked her off and the car leapt away.

"Hold tight!" shouted George, "we're going after those fellows!" Then he let in the clutch.

His machine was powerful, and the way it lunged forward made me feel as if a giant had kicked me with a hob-nailed boot.

But, as I have said, the car was a big one, and it had a flying start.

I don't know what speed we were doing when we left the moonlit road to plunge into the blackness of Gallows Lane. But I do know I was frightened . . . more frightened than I had ever been in my life.

I clutched George's belt with both hands and prayed.

Just ahead of us, the car's tail-light was weaving and bobbing from side to side. They were trying to keep us from passing or getting alongside, and that was just what George was determined to do.

ABOUT three hundred yards from the Gallows Tree the road widened a little, and I knew that was our only chance. We were getting nearer and nearer the spot every second.

"Now!" yelled George, as the car swung slightly to the right. He accelerated full out and swerved in on the left.

In a second we were level with the car's driving seat. I could see the man at the wheel fighting to edge us into the ditch. The other's face was pressed against the side-window, a dead-white mask.

Then it happened. The Gallows Tree was twenty yards away, bang in the middle of the road.

"A death-trap . . . a death-trap. . . ." Joe Davis's words flashed through my mind.

Suddenly the motor-cycle lurched beneath me, skidded, and plunged into the ditch along the left fork. As I hurtled among the brambles, I heard the screaming of tyres and a grating crash. I passed out. . . .

(Continued on page 28)

We saw flames spring up from the wreckage of the car. The "Gallows Tree" had done its last job.

How to treat your wife

Men have a way of keeping a good thing to themselves. For instance, sir, how often have you thought of treating your wife to a Guinness? Why shouldn't she enjoy that incomparable flavour as much as you do? Don't let her think that because Guinness is dark it must be heavy. Stand her a Guinness and she'll soon realise how clean and refreshing is the taste of a Guinness.

'Guinness is good for you'—that's as true for women as it is for men. Many doctors have written to say that they regard a Guinness a day as a tonic of the utmost value to women. It makes their work lighter and their day brighter. Treat yourself and your wife to a Guinness at dinner.

Order half-a-dozen Guinness for the home.

G.E.S.40

To make this perfect

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

PINEAPPLE SPONGES

(from the new Borwick's Recipe Book)

2 oz. butter — 2 eggs (beaten)
4 oz. castor sugar — 2 oz. icing sugar
6 oz. plain flour — 3 oz. tinned pine-apple
1 rounded teaspoon Borwick's.

Cream butter and eggs together. Add flour, castor sugar and Borwick's. Beat lightly. Chop pineapple, mix in. Pour into small cases and bake in hot oven 15 mins. Moisten icing sugar with pineapple juice, cover over cakes.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER and plain flour is cheapest

VARNENE gives such a LONG-LASTING gloss

VARNENE

Chemists Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

for DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

£35

FIRST £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £3
FOURTH £2
TEN PRIZES each £1

To a skating rink at the World Fair
Went a young couple Eustace and Claire:
Said Eustace with glee
"Now darling, watch me

SOME RHYMES:

Air, affair, aware, bear, beware, care, chair, compare, dare, declare, despair, e'er, elsewhere, ensnare, ere, fair, fare, flair, flare, forswear, glare, hair, impair, ne'er, pair, prepare, rare, repair, scare, snare, spare, square, stare, swear, tear, there, wear, where.

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Friday, March 3, 1939. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

'DIPLOMA' The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.418a.

"How can I keep my children free from Coughs and Colds?"

ANGIERS is the answer

The surest way to keep children healthy and robust in Winter time—able to go out in all weathers without any ill after-effects—is to build up their powers of resistance with 'Angiers.'

'Angiers' is endorsed by the medical profession and used in children's hospitals throughout the country. It is a soothing, pleasant emulsion, with unique tonic and building properties. For colds, coughs, whooping-cough, bronchitis and all chest affections, it is invaluable. If children are weakly and run-down after measles or a fever, 'Angiers' quickly restores strength and hastens recovery. For the child with a poor appetite and weak digestion Angiers brand Emulsion is the ideal tonic because it soothes the digestive tract and helps the digestive process.

Children all like it and take it willingly. Let your child have it regularly during the winter months—it is unequalled for giving the extra strength and stamina needed at this time.

Of all Chemists 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Send the coupon below for FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.29), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Please send Trial Sample of Angiers brand Emulsion. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

Name .....

Address .....

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23.

Skeleton *in the cupboard*

You have got a nice house, Doris. You and Alan must be awfully happy....
We're not as happy as all that, Sis. The fact is, I'm worried...
I know I'm dull and tired lately, but Alan needn't make it quite so plain he's fed-up with me. for instance...
"...he hardly bothers to kiss me mornings or evenings now. And last night—
-just because I wanted to go to bed early, he blew up, said I was unbearable
I'm glad you told me, Doris. It's no use bottling things up. But you must do something quickly. See the doctor
what shall I do? Even if I do go to bed early I wake tired
AT THE DOCTOR'S
But Doctor, why am I always so tired?
From what you tell me, Mrs. Barton, your trouble is Night Starvation. You see, the reason you feel tired run-down and even wake tired is that you're not replacing used-up energy during sleep
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT FOR DORIS
AND SIX WEEKS LATER
Well, my dear, there's nothing tired-looking about you now!
Yes, I feel wonderful these days
THAT EVENING
And if this watch isn't just what you like, darling, I can change it!
Darling it's perfect
THINKS:
EVERYTHING'S PERFECT NOW THANKS TO HORLICKS

DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS IN HOSPITAL TESTS

RECENTLY tests were made in a great hospital on men and women who complained of always feeling tired.

It was found that these people had an excess of acid waste products in their blood during sleep. This acid waste kept the brain and nerve centres "on edge" all night even though the rest of the body was sound asleep.

But when Horlicks was given to these men and women last thing at night, this excess acid waste was completely neutralised. They woke refreshed, with greatly increased energy and vitality.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

Hot-Water Wells Still Goes Strong

Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

ONE of the advantages of modern travel is that a man can now go to the other end of the earth quite quickly, tell a lot of people whom he has never seen before what he really thinks of them—and then come home again.

G. B. S. did it a few years ago in New York, where, standing on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, he delivered a long, impromptu oration to Americans, who had paid quite large sums to be horrified.

Fortunately, Robert Taylor or Shirley Temple emerged from obscurity shortly afterwards, so that what G. B. Shaw said was soon forgotten.

Well, H. G. Wells has recently been in Australia, where he went to attend a gathering of scientists.

Although he has not caused so much trouble as did Larwood, the Nottinghamshire cricketer, who bowled out the Australians with such mechanical repetition that they had to shout "body line" in self-defence, his words have been sufficiently violent to be cabled back.

For one thing, H. G. Wells objects to Australia's licensing hours, which seem to end at six in the evening—their time, not ours—and to local restrictions over the sale of petrol.

Over the drink argument, Wells would find considerable agreement, because, whatever the licensing laws are in any country, they are too short for some people and far too long for others.

AS for the petrol business—well, whatever you say about another country causes trouble. Still, Wells does not live in Australia, which makes laws to please, or annoy, itself, not visitors.

One thing about the quarrel is certain: H. G. won't let it bother him. He is accustomed to being in hot water.

His "obituary," which he wrote himself last October—and which began by saying that he had died the previous afternoon at Paddington Infirmary at the age of 97—described how he had been in a concentration camp in the brief Communist dictatorship of 1942!

In 1955, it added, his immediate needs were relieved by a small Civil List pension.

That was all in the best vein of Wellsian humour.

Although he is already 72, Wells is much more virile in mind and body than when, as a youth, the son of a professional cricketer and a lady's maid, "he refused to accept the social inferiority to which he seems to have been born"—I quote his own words—and came to London to study Science.

WELL, he has climbed high enough to get in wrong with Mr. Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia, by remarking that Hitler and Mussolini were "freaks" who were "enforcing a state of affairs similar to the days of the criminal Cæsars."

Mr. Lyons replied that Mr. Wells came as a distinguished visitor, but it was to be regretted if he indulged "his well-known political sympathies so far as to make disparaging remarks about the leaders of other nations." Mr. Wells, who was backed up by some of the Australian papers, retorted to this with the greatest courtesy.

Addressing the Melbourne members of the P. E. N. Club, an association of world authors formed to preserve liberty of speech and writing, he said that the P. E. N. Club welcomed free statements from anyone.

"I insist on freedom for Mr. Lyons to express his opinion," he said. "He has a perfect right to say my remarks were in the worst possible taste."

You can't say fairer than that, can you?

Now the curious thing is that if you say anything that is derogatory of Stalin you get applauded, whereas if you express some natural criticism of the treatment of the Jews in Germany and couple Hitler's name with it, you are accused of "disturbing international relations."

I wonder, as Wells does, what is to become of Free Speech in a few years? We are all getting hypersensitive. Our present Government resents criticism. Neville doesn't like it.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT alone among the leading statesmen seems to bear it with any patience.

When the other week H. G. Wells said that the King and Queen were going to the United States to bring about better feelings between ourselves and the American people, this was attacked as being anti-monarchist.

Why should the King and Queen go to America for any other reason? No one would accuse them of going on a joy ride.

No, one of the hopes of the world is that at the age of 72, H. G. Wells expresses with a frankness as great as his friend Shaw's, whatever he feels, and thinks, about anything he sees, or reads, or hears.

We should encourage all this frankness, not object to it. Truth itself is frank.

The more we don't like it, the better it is for us, because it makes us think.

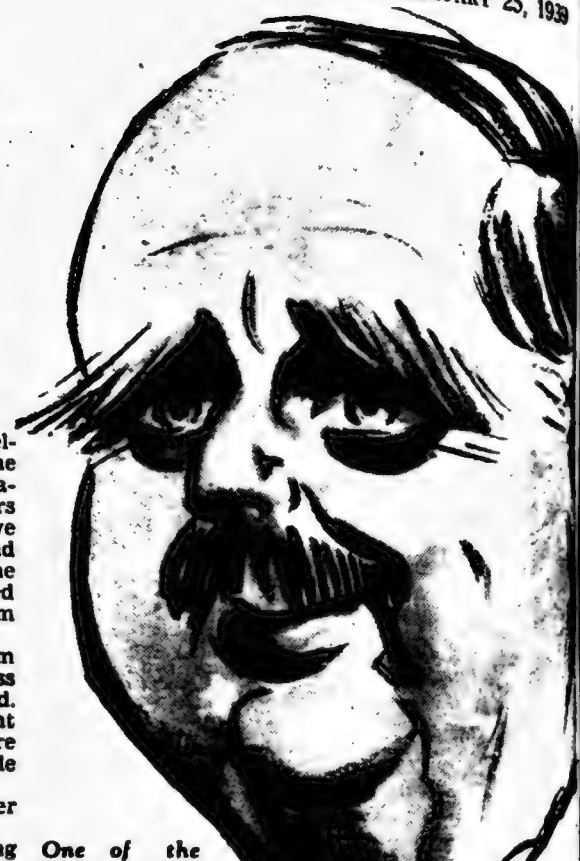
If, after considering the cynical outpourings of the Voltaires of to-day, our political or religious faith remains what it was, it is all the stronger because it has met the challenge.

If, on the other hand, we cannot answer it—well, we have no right to hold the opinions we held before.

Besides, you know, Australia is a little too complacent. It needs waking up.

Why, the other week it banned "Big Deadlock," a novel written by A. P. Herbert, a most respectable M.P.!

I wonder if H. G. Wells knew that? . .



One of the hopes of the world is that he says what he thinks

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Mr. Stanley Holmes said that the factory had been opened for the manufacture of Phosferine, and other medicines. From 1870 these have been made in the City of London.

Sir Dennis Herbert, after praising the style of the new building, said it was a matter of the greatest National importance that people should be employed at useful and beneficial work, under ideal conditions.

At the Luncheon which followed, Sir Dennis Herbert stated that the world had become more complicated than it was 50 years ago, and under such circumstances the preservation of health and general fitness was not so easy for those who have to live a busy life. Fortunately, science had come to our aid in the matter of health, and we got products, such as were manufactured by the Phosferine Company, things which when properly used were the best of their kind.

Sir Francis Freemantle congratulated the Company on bringing the factory from the city into a more open area.

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Village Argument

(Continued from previous page)

When I came to, George was slapping my face. I thought it was morning at first, for it was so light. Then I felt a wave of heat strike my face.

Raising myself on one elbow, I saw that the Gallows Tree was blazing. The flames were springing from the wreckage of a car. . . .

George looked very grave and worried. "They're both dead," he said slowly. "I tried to get them out, but I couldn't get near. Come, we'd better be off to the village for help."

He pulled me to my feet and gave me his shoulder to lean on. As we staggered back down Gallows Lane he kept looking over his shoulder.

"The old Gallows Tree has done its last job," he muttered. "If Joe's still alive—and Heaven knows what those bandits did to him—he'll say it's Providence at work proving what he said about the tree being a death-trap. . . ."

When we reached the village Joe was still alive. There was a crowd round the shop. We pushed our way through and found the doctor already there.

He was bandaging a bullet wound in Joe's right arm, but it wasn't a serious wound. Indeed, in a few days the arm was well enough for Joe to use it to sign a petition, one which carried the name of every man and woman in the village.

What was the petition for? To have the charred stump of the old Gallows Tree preserved for ever on its original site.

There it stands to-day, and it has even got a little brass plate describing its history and how it came to be burned down.

Joe Davis paid for that, and he also used his influence with the county council to have the stump floodlit at night, and reflector signs fixed up to warn motorists before they come to the fork.

So our village has settled down again, everybody's friends, and the inn is getting more tourists than ever.

After all, it's not every village that has a Gallows Tree which has meted out justice in 1939.

GUARD CHILD AGAINST 'FLU COLDS

Get your child's bowels acting regularly and colds will be rare. But beware of strong opening medicines which strain the tiny bowels and leave them worse bound than ever. For safety's sake give 'California Syrup of Figs.' It breaks up a cold quicker than anything else because it removes all the poisonous constipated waste in which cold germs multiply by millions.

How children love its delicious flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose. And see how free they keep from colds and coughs. Get a bottle of this ideal laxative to-day. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

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Finest all-round tonic for nervous dogs is Karswood Dog Powders which contain nerve foods and mineral salts that are vital to doggy health. If your dog is nervy — cure him in double-quick time with KARSWOOD DOG POWDERS

Used by 81 out of every 100 Dog Experts

Have you heard?

EDITH: "*and Roy gets so wild if I waste time making-up.*"

MOLLY: "*spoilt the evening for me knowing my nose was shiny.*"

HILDA: "*so even out of doors I never carry a compact.*"

Shiny nose. How girls dread it! How men detest it! Yet they get so impatient if you're always powdering. Be wise then. Use Snowfire Powder-Cream, which takes barely a moment to put on and clings for hours. Snowfire Powder-Cream makes your skin matt, smooth and adorable. It cannot 'cake', or clog the pores. In Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades.

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'Snowfire sets hearts afire'

Doctor strongly urged her to take Iron 'Jelloids'

A woman's life, doctors say, is one long fight against IRON-STARVATION (anæmia), and the only remedy is MORE IRON. Doctors agree, too, that the best form of iron is IRON 'JELLOIDS'; indeed, Miss— *was strongly urged by her doctor to take* IRON 'JELLOIDS,' with the result that she soon gained new life and energy.

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They are certainly a splendid tonic to one's whole system, and have put new life and energy into me." (*Miss*)——.

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SMOTHER LOVE—

It May Ruin the Lives of Those It Seeks to Protect

Love's young dream is often broken by well-meaning parents

A YOUNG man of twenty-three, a total abstainer, working at a steady job with every opportunity for further promotion, sends this personal problem:

"For some time I have been keeping company with a respectable girl of eighteen. The only fault with her is that she is afraid that her parents should get to know.

"We both wish to be straightforward and this silence is worrying us. She has to go home by a certain bus every night, and if she should happen to be ten minutes late her parents grumble and cross-question her to find where she has been, whom she has been with, and so forth.

"She has to remain in the house all evening, sewing, knitting or darning. She cannot go to the pictures on her half-day unless accompanied by her mother. She is not allowed to go to a dance or have any freedom at all.

"In every other respect her parents are very kind and well-meaning, but the girl can't get any liberty whatever. Do you consider this fair play?"

Answer is "No." At the age of eighteen a girl is old enough to have a certain amount of liberty, and she has every right to have a boy friend to take her out occasionally.

Her parents mean well, of course. They are too anxious for their daughter's safety—so anxious, indeed, that their anxiety becomes tyranny.

There are two kinds of tyranny. The first comes from a desire to crush and hurt; the second from too much supervision.

Even a mother's love can be a terrible tyranny, and the children have to fight against it to save themselves from being enslaved.

MANY a bachelor and spinster to-day would have married years ago but for the fierce possessiveness of their parents.

The girl mentioned in the letter feels it is wrong to deceive her parents, and it is her duty to herself (as well as to her friend) to tell the truth.

It will need courage to tell them, but courage of this sort requires only one short effort. One quarter of a minute—and the thing is done! It is rather like taking one's first dive into the sea. There is no point in standing shivering. Go right in!

I only wish other problems could be solved as swiftly.

Now for the next:—

"I am twenty-seven years of age, my wife nearly twenty-six, and we have one child, a boy. We had a house of our own, only a single apartment but to me a palace. I have a good income and everything that would make complete happiness.

"BUT a few weeks ago my mother-in-law started to interfere in our private affairs. The apartment was not good enough for her daughter! She could offer us rooms if we stayed with her.

"I would not give up my home, but my wife, being an only child, listened to her mother and went to live with her. In doing so she removed all the furniture and cooking utensils. When I returned from my work I faced four bare walls. There was not so much as a bed or a teaspoon.

"Now she is trying to force my hand, as the only place where I could see my child is at her mother's home. I have tried in every way to make her see the folly of it all. The local clergyman has done the same—to no purpose.

"I wonder how many young men are placed like me, paying for lodgings, supporting a child, renting a house they can't even sleep in, and yet anxious to give their wives and children every possible chance.

"Hoping you will pardon me for trespassing upon your valuable time."

In this story the mother-in-law acted with the speed and decisiveness of a modern dictator. Before the husband realised what was happening the thing was done.

This is your home, that was!

It is all very high-handed, and the pity is that the daughter has not the strength of mind to think and act for herself.

She ought to know—she must know—that it was a very dirty trick to play upon her husband. If the man does not wish to share a house with his mother-in-law there is no reason why he should.

Using his natural affection for his son in order to compel him to do what he does not wish to do sounds rather like a trick played by gangsters.

I have advised the young man to harden his heart and not give in. The plan would never succeed. A mother-in-law capable of such drastic action would be an awful tyrant to live with. She ought to be charged with enticement!

Readers will not be surprised to learn that I receive a great many letters about high-handed mothers-in-law. The subject is a popular joke on the music-halls, but it is a pretty grim problem in real life.

One must be fair, however. Mothers-in-law are not all cast in the same mould. Read the following letter:—

"My husband was killed in the war and I was left with two young boys. One is now married to a very nice girl who is a good wife and mother. She was his first sweetheart and I have always loved her.

"But my son puts me first in everything, and although he is a good husband I feel it hurts my daughter-in-law to know that she does not come first. She is too nice to say anything, but a mother knows.

"If we three are out together it is always my arm that he holds. I feel it might bring unhappiness between them, and I love them both. They seem very happy together, but this attitude towards me is worrying.

"Do you think, Humanist, I should speak to him about it?"

I certainly do. The young man may love his wife as well as his mother, but he ought to be a little more thoughtful. Scores of wives would create a terrific scene if they were made to take the second place.

This young wife is too nice to say anything, but I am pretty sure she feels it keenly. I advise the mother to have a quiet talk to her boy and try to make him see the other point of view.

Before we leave this subject of mothers-in-law there is one other letter I should like to quote :—

"I am very keen on sport, but my girl's mother does not agree with my playing games on Sundays. If I am to give them up it will ruin my health, as I get miserable and lazy.

"My girl does not object, nor does her father. He leaves it to me to do as I please. My own mother says she will do all she can to help us, but adds that I ought to enjoy myself while I am young."

This future mother-in-law is a very exceptional person nowadays.

SHE disapproves of Sunday sport even for the man who is indoors most of the week. But that need not stop the man from marrying her daughter. The girl is over twenty-one and can therefore decide for herself.

If playing on Sunday is a sin, it must be one of the smallest imaginable. I could suggest fifty worse sins without any difficulty, and one of the very worst is the making of unhappiness for others.

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If you are worried or perplexed I will try to help if you will seek my advice. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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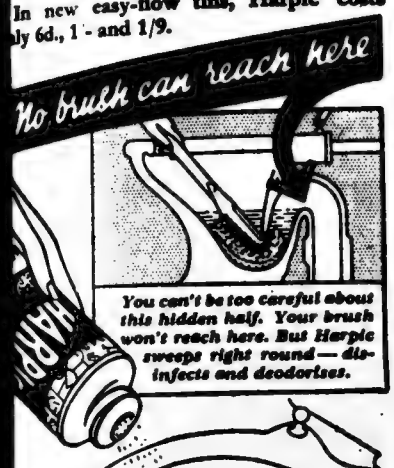
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THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 27. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, March 3rd, 1939. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

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JUNGLE JITTERS

Reader's Story
by
Capt. James Cullen,
Jubilee Rd., Waterlooville, Hants

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SOUTHERN INDIA has its jitterbugs like everywhere else, but Tom Walmsley, my chief on a coffee estate in the Coorg district, was not one.

Jungli Pishash, the Forest Devil, puzzled him for a time, but he never shared the natives' panic.

When its weird, blood-curdling cries floated over the jungle he smiled grimly. He owned the coffee estate, and terrified coolies could not do their best work. That was all that worried him.

Walmsley was a noted big game hunter. He knew every kind of wild beast.

But the *Jungli Pishash* . . . well, he vowed he'd get to know that, too, before he was very much older.

Jahal, our chief overseer, told me about it. Soon after my arrival it was reported to have attacked a bullock-cart at night. They knew it by its enormous red eyes, but especially by its terrifying moans followed by a savage snarl as it pounced.

"And, *Chinnai Dorai* (young master), it is everywhere," said the scared Jahal, "it fly like the wind over the trees. It here one minute, there another. My coolies afraid and run."

● As the awful cry rang out again, the branch snapped and I fell heavily

"Have you seen it yourself?" I asked.

"I hear him," he said evasively, "many time in the big tamarind tree by the Master's bungalow."

Jahal's grievance was that Mr. Walmsley said he did not believe in the monster and called him a big fool. Yet there seemed to be little doubt about it, for I visited the scene of the latest attack. Bullocks had been pulled into the undergrowth off the road and were partly eaten.

THE *Jungli Pishash*, I learned, lived in the jungle, and its extraordinary cries were heard especially on stormy nights during the monsoon.

It was becoming more and more difficult to get the coolies to drive their bullock carts through the jungle road.

But Walmsley would not change his opinion.

"A tiger's work . . . ," he said. "Those dam-fool coolies sit there panicky and ask for it."

A few nights later I was wakened by the most eerie sounds, a series of intermittent moans and groans, queer squeaks and cries.

I sprang out of bed and looked out. I saw nothing. Yet as I dozed again the sounds went on—for hours, it seemed to me.

Next day was monthly pay day, so a table and chairs were placed as usual under the big tamarind tree, where Walmsley and I were seated with piles of rupees before us and half a dozen overseers at our feet.

Squatting around were over three hundred coolies, wives and children, awaiting their turn to be called. As Walmsley was so sceptical about the *Pishash* I said nothing of my overnight fright.

Suddenly from above our heads it came again—long, weird wailing cries with an undertone of menace. In a moment the coolies, shrieking with fear, bolted. Walmsley and I jumped to our feet.

Walmsley shouted to them to return and sent for his rifle.

"If the *Pishash* is there I'll get it!" he cried.

The overseers and some of the coolies came back when they heard that, but they kept a respectful distance from the tree.

Walmsley turned to me.

"I want you to climb that tree, Cullen," he said.

"My God!" I muttered. To tell the truth, I was in as blue a funk as I have ever been.

"I'll cover you, man!" he exclaimed. "We've got to set an example. I'd go myself if I were younger."

I was hoisted up some distance and grabbed a lower branch. As I mounted gradually I kept a sharp look-out for any sudden movement, but the foliage was so dense that I could see nothing.

When I was some twelve feet up I heard the awful cry quite near me. At the same moment the branch under my feet snapped and I fell heavily, bruising my shoulder against a protruding stump. I lay writhing on the ground.

All this was too much even for the overseers. They ran off frantically crying that the *Chinnai Dorai*—myself—had been struck down by the Forest Devil. By the time Walmsley had helped me to my feet, not a native was in sight.

HE doctored up my shoulder but said nothing except that he was sorry I had not seen the monster.

"Well, you heard it," I said.

"I heard something," he admitted.

Heard something! Next morning I had a temperature. I stayed in bed and dosed myself with quinine.

The coolies believed the *Pishash* had struck me with poisoned claws and that I was dead. When Walmsley set out for a distant village in his car after tiffin they were certain the very worst had happened and that he had gone to arrange for my burial.

When he got back at sundown he had two stalwart men carrying axes with him. I had got up and he seemed glad to find me better.

"Cullen, I got a brain-wave this morning," he said, as he lighted a cheroot after dinner. "Natural history knows of no such beast as this *Pishash*. If it is real we shall find some evidence on marks on that big tamarind."

Walmsley was careful with his plans. The two men were put in a spare shed for the night and the bungalow servants were forbidden to go near them.

They were skilled climbers. And next morning, while Walmsley and I stood guard below, they disappeared up the tree. In a few moments an immense branch fell. It was as thick as an ordinary tree trunk.

MORE chopping, then a second fell, then more.

As they dropped, Walmsley examined them closely. I saw him smile complacently before he called the men down.

The place was black with excited coolies who thought they were going to see the monster trapped or shot. All they saw were big lopped off branches, with Walmsley, his woodcutters, and foreman standing by. I had a rifle ready to soothe the worst of the jitterers.

But Walmsley did not keep them long in suspense.

"There," he cried to the crowd, "you need not worry any more about the *Jungli Pishash*. I'll show him to you now."

The coolies stared at the Master, then looked at one another in apprehension. Was it some new and terrible magic?

It was nothing of the kind. Walmsley rubbed together worn branches from the tamarind. We heard strange groans and cries like a monster in anguish.

And we laughed. For that was the Forest Devil—that was the terror of the jungle.

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SIX feet of water—the depth of the deep end in the majority of swimming baths!

Imagine such a flood in your own downstairs rooms!

Yet that is what an old couple living in East Anglia awoke to find.

Floods lay round their lonely cottage like a sea, and rescue, when it came, had to be by boat.

For days they waited in a neighbouring village for the floods to subside, and then they found one half of their worldly possessions—all the contents of the downstairs rooms—ruined beyond hope of repair.

The soil pays such poor rewards to those who serve it that it would have taken not weeks but months of the householder's wage-packets to make good the loss.

How thankful they were, therefore, to discover that JOHN BULL's free family insurance gift covered just such exigencies as this.

Because the husband had once signed a Registration coupon which he found in JOHN BULL, we shouldered their burden with a substantial cheque.

Scores of accidents of different kinds provided for under our unique free family insurance scheme are befalling the people of Britain every day.

Have *you* signed that coupon? If not, turn now to page 33.

CAN YOU TALK?

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the spoken word commands both.

When you know that you can speak with effect you develop that self-confidence which gives you a different outlook on life. Self-confidence develops personality, grip and driving power, in fact you develop all those characteristics which distinguish the successful man and woman from the crowd.

If you have any speaking to do in public, it will be well worth while sending to us for full particulars of our course on the Art and Technique of Speaking in Public. We also teach by post for any other career. Full particulars or personal advice free.

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SILF Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per box (you save money by purchasing the larger sizes), or post free by sending the price to: THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 403), 36, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.1. No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

YOU NEED A KIDNEY STIMULANT AT THIS TRYING SEASON

Sudden changes of weather affect the kidneys more than any other organ in the body. The colds and influenza prevalent at this time of the year also throw extra work on to the kidneys. The result is felt by Joint Pains, Backache, Rheumatism, Headaches, Irregularities, and a general feeling of being "below par."

It is only by bringing the kidneys back to their full vigour that you will get the necessary reserves to carry you through the rigours of winter.

And remember—only a specially prepared kidney remedy can help you.

Splendid effect on Kidneys

De Witts Pills are world-renowned for their splendid effects in toning up and strengthening the kidneys. The whole body feels the benefit at once. You feel more vigorous and you are more resistant to the numerous complaints that winter threatens, because your body is being regularly cleared of uric acid and other poisons.

Be sure you get

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Specially prepared to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pain and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 1/3 2/- 5/-

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—thanks to

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The rush and bustle of daily life is continuously placing a greater strain on your nerves. You can soothe them by chewing healthful, delicious WRIGLEY'S GUM regularly *after every meal*. Keep alert and abreast of the times in this simple way.

You enjoy smoking. After your next pipe or cigarette chew a piece or two of WRIGLEY'S GUM and notice how much greater the enjoyment is.

To be popular and successful these days you must have a pleasant breath and a happy smile. You can get them by chewing WRIGLEY'S refreshing GUM and gain more confidence in yourself, as millions do.

Your digestion is aided, your appetite assisted and tooth decay impeded by chewing WRIGLEY'S GUM regularly.

Buy several packets to-day and always keep a supply handy in your purse, pocket or home. Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists and News Agents sell WRIGLEY'S GUM.

Your choice of Spearmint (delicious garden mint) or P.K. (triple distilled peppermint) — a British product.

F.T.33.

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 25/2/39.

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Post this Form to

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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"A PLEASURE TO USE."

"I have received fountain pen safe and sound. As you see by this letter, it is writing perfectly, and I can assure you that it is a pleasure to use." —D. G., Belfast.

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CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON.

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket Clip 3d. extra.

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ACCEPT THIS FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Be rid of your digestive troubles by accepting this generous free offer made to Stomach and Indigestion Sufferers—it appears on p. 37.

URACE for RHEUMATISM

FREE SAMPLE! From Roebury & Phillips, Ltd., Silex Buildings, London, E.C.1

From your chemist, 1/6 & 3/-

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HEALTH OFFER...

IF you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 16, for a full size 6d. tin containing 40 tablets of Yestamin, the wonderful Vitamin yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stamp for postage, etc. Send at once for this Trial Offer and enjoy good health now!

Pools Parliament

WHAT a fickle thing is football form.

When, at the beginning of the year, I gave an analysis of the current form of all the League teams, compiled from the data I keep to make up my Graded Guide, I didn't expect it to remain true for long.

Since these analysed tables were published the playing strength of many of the clubs has altered considerably, *although the League tables do not reflect these changes.*

As readers tell me that this analysis has been very useful to them, particularly in avoiding those surprise results that so often spoil our pool coupons, I have brought these tables up to date.

You will find them below, compiled from the most recent performances of the teams, and showing how I rank them at present.

Home and away form is shown separately, and, where there are definite indications of a change in strength, the teams are marked I (where an improvement is likely) or D (if form is declining).

DIVISION I. HOME FORM.

Strong: Arsenal, Birmingham, Derby, Everton, Preston, Stoke, Wolverhampton.

Medium: Bolton (I), Charlton (I), Chelsea, Grimsby (D), Huddersfield (D), Leicester (I), Middlesbrough (D), Sunderland (I).

Weak: Aston Villa, Blackpool, Brentford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester U. (I), Portsmouth.

DIVISION I. AWAY FORM.

Strong: Arsenal, Bolton, Charlton, Everton, Liverpool, Manchester U., Stoke, Wolverhampton.

Medium: Aston Villa (I), Brentford, Derby (D), Grimsby (D), Leeds, Preston (I), Sunderland.

Weak: Birmingham, Blackpool, Chelsea, Huddersfield (I), Leicester, Middlesbrough, Portsmouth.

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

TEAMS TO FOLLOW

By "Poolex"

DIVISION II. HOME FORM.

Strong: Blackburn, Burnley, Bury, Chesterfield, Coventry, Manchester C., W.B.A.

Medium: Bradford, Fulham (I), Luton (I), Millwall, Sheffield U., Sheffield W., Tottenham, West Ham.

Weak: Newcastle, Norwich, Notts F., Plymouth, Swansea (I), Tranmere (I), Southampton.

DIVISION II. AWAY FORM.

Strong: Chesterfield, Coventry, Fulham, Sheffield U., Sheffield W., W.B.A. (D), West Ham.

Medium: Blackburn (D), Burnley (I), Bury (D), Luton (I), Manchester C. (D), Newcastle, Plymouth (I), Tottenham (I).

Weak: Bradford, Millwall, Norwich, Notts F., Southampton, Swansea, Tranmere.

DIVISION III (N.). HOME FORM.

Strong: Barnsley, Chester, Crewe, Doncaster, Hull, Lincoln, Oldham, Stockport (D).

Medium: Barrow (D), Bradford C., Darlington (D), Halifax (I), Rochdale (D), Rotherham, Southport, Wrexham (D).

Weak: Accrington, Carlisle, Gateshead, Hartlepools, New Brighton, York.

DIVISION III (N.). AWAY FORM.

Strong: Barnsley, Bradford C., Doncaster, Rochdale, Southport, Wrexham.

Medium: Barrow, Chester (D), Crewe (I), Darlington (I), Gateshead (I), Halifax, Hartlepools (I), Hull, Lincoln (D).

Weak: Accrington, Carlisle, New Brighton, Oldham, Rotherham, Stockport, York.

DIVISION III (S.). HOME FORM.

Strong: Bournemouth, Clapton O., Northampton, Notts C., Q.P.R., Watford.

Medium: Aldershot, Brighton, Bristol C., Bristol R. (I), Crystal Palace, Exeter, Ipswich, Mansfield (I), Newport (D), Reading, Southend, Swindon (D), Torquay (I).

Weak: Cardiff, Port Vale, Walsall.

DIVISION III (S.). AWAY FORM.

Strong: Brighton, Cardiff, Ipswich, Southend, Torquay.

Medium: Bournemouth, Bristol C., Bristol R. (I), Crystal Palace (D), Mansfield, Newport, Port Vale, Q.P.R., Reading (D), Watford.

Weak: Aldershot, Clapton O., Exeter, Northampton, Notts C., Swindon, Walsall.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE. HOME FORM.

Strong: Aberdeen, Celtic, Motherwell, Queen of the South, Rangers, St. Johnstone.

Medium: Arbroath (I), Clyde (I), Falkirk, Hamilton, Hearts (I), Hibernian, Kilmarnock, Third Lanark.

Weak: Albion R., Ayr, Partick, Queen's Park (I), Raith R., St. Mirren.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE. AWAY FORM.

Strong: Falkirk, Hearts, Kilmarnock, Partick, Queen of the South, Rangers.

Medium: Aberdeen (I), Arbroath (I), Ayr, Celtic (D), Clyde, Hamilton, Motherwell (D), Raith R., St. Johnstone (D), Third Lanark (I).

Weak: Albion R., Hibernian, Queen's Park, St. Mirren.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

By "Poolex" (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, February 25.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, **avoid games marked** *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

February 25, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Stoke v. Blackpool	1	2	
2 Charlton v. Portsmouth	1	x	
3 W.B.A. v. Tranmere	1	x	
4 Southend v. Clapton O.	1	2	
5 Luton v. Swansea	1	2	*
6 Hull v. Hartlepools	1	x	
7 Bolton v. Huddersfield	1	x	
8 Burnley v. Millwall	1	2	*
9 Ipswich v. Notts C.	1	x	
10 Stockport v. Carlisle	1	2	
11 Cardiff v. Northampton	1	2	
12 Arbroath v. Motherwell	1	x	
13 Celtic v. Partick	1	x	
14 Mansfield v. Swindon	1	x	
15 Reading v. Aldershot	1	2	
16 Bradford C. v. Gateshead	1	x	
17 Rangers v. Kilmarnock	1	x	
18 Lincoln v. Darlington	1	2	
19 Brighton v. Crystal P.	1	2	*
20 Halifax v. Rotherham	1	x	
21 Bournemouth v. Watford	1	2	
22 Aberdeen v. Hearts	1	x	
23 Queen's Park v. Albion R.	1	x	
24 Sheffield U. v. Manchester C.	1	2	
25 Plymouth v. Bradford	1	2	
26 Barnsley v. Southport	1	x	
27 Tottenham v. Blackburn	1	x	
28 Bristol R. v. Bristol C.	1	2	
29 Hamilton v. Raith R.	1	x	
30 Falkirk v. St. Johnstone	1	x	
31 Queen of the S. v. Clyde	1	x	
32 Chelsea v. Brentford	1	2	
33 Exeter v. Newport	1	2	
34 Chester v. Wrexham	1	2	
35 Preston N.E. v. Arsenal	2	1	
36 Manchester U. v. Derby	2	1	
37 Walsall v. Port Vale	2	1	
38 Hibernian v. Ayr	2	1	
39 Birmingham v. Grimsby	2	1	
40 Middlesbrough v. Sunderland	2	1	*
41 Leicester v. Aston V.	2	1	
42 Barrow v. York	2	1	
43 Coventry v. Sheffield W.	2	1	
44 Oldham v. Doncaster	2	1	
45 Notts F. v. Bury	2	1	
46 Q.P.R. v. Torquay	2	1	*
47 Newcastle v. West Ham	2	1	
48 Southampton v. Fulham	2	1	
49 St. Mirren v. Third Lanark	2	1	*
50 Accrington v. Crewe	2	1	*
51 New Brighton v. Rochdale	2	1	*
52 Norwich v. Chesterfield	2	1	
53 Leeds v. Everton	2	1	
54 Liverpool v. Wolves	2	1	

Race with "Silver Ring"

Steeplechasing's Ascot

IN one very important respect the National Hunt festival at Cheltenham has an advantage over Ascot, Epsom, etc. Fine weather is necessary to reveal their full splendours, but it is not an essential to the enjoyment of the 'chasing at Prestbury Park.

The enthusiastic lover of National Hunt racing is no fair weather sportsman, and the cheeriness and pleasure which we associate with the Cheltenham gathering is in no way imperilled if the heavens weep or the March breezes blow.

We thank the Weather Clerk if the sun shines and Spring is in the air, but we have far too much enjoyment awaiting us to bother about chiding him if he is in surly mood.

Ascot is the pinnacle for devotees of the Jockey Club code, and on precisely the same plane ranks the National Hunt fixture at Cheltenham for all followers of cross-country racing. Only sickness or urgent business will prevent those who have experienced the pleasures of the N.H. festival from attending on March 7, 8, 9.

I've only two "good things" marked off to date—Macaulay for the Cheltenham Gold Cup and Bob Gore's Santac for the amateurs' blue riband, the N.H. 'Chase. But I hope to find others to show a profit for followers of the Code.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 23, to Wednesday, March 1.

K Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: S9398PKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

Pains in the Back

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Rheumatic Pains, Painful Joints, Urinary Disorders, Bladder Weakness, Disturbed Sleep point to Sluggish Kidneys

WHY STRUGGLE on with that crippling pain, when Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills could put you right? Doans Pills stop the self-poisoning caused by weak kidney action. They stimulate and cleanse these vital organs, helping them to rid the blood of the harmful impurities which make life a misery. Thousands of grateful users recommend Doans Pills for backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, lumbago and sciatica.

"Doans Pills put me right"

Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, says: "Pains in my back were so acute I had to lie up on occasions for weeks. The water was unnatural and caused a scalding pain when seeking relief. I had splitting headaches and dizzy bouts. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills was the medicine I needed. They soon put my kidneys right and rid me of pain. I feel I have only Doans Pills to thank for my freedom from backache, lumbago and urinary disorders.

(*Signed*) C. Bloomfield."

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

WON BRIDE, FORTUNE AND PENSION!

Mr. T. M. MacEwan

"This will help me to get married," Mr. T. M. MacEwan told JOHN BULL soon after a telegram brought him congratulations on winning £500 and £2 Weekly for Life in our Crosswords. Now he and his bride are living at 2, Deanwood Avenue, Muirend, in the comfortable home of their own which JOHN BULL helped to provide.

"I'm just an ordinary chap," this outright winner remarked. "What I can do any other Crossworders can." Turn to page 36, where, in our giant 10th Crossword Birthday Offer, you can win *double* his cash and *double* his Pension!

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Healed The Burns on Her Back

Littleborough

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write of the wonderful way *Germolene* healed *my little girl.* She suffered a bad accident just before Christmas from burns on her back—I was advised to try *Germolene* and after the first dressing the pain was less severe, and within a fortnight the sores were really healed, and no mark at all. Thankfully yours.

—(Signed) (Mrs.) C.L.

WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER

GERMOLENE is the World's greatest Healer! Based on a wonderful aseptic principle, it performs its healing magic! New skin quickly grows. Poisons are kept out. Soreness, Inflammation, Irritation and Swelling, disappear before its magical touch! You must get a tin to-day and PROVE how it heals.

ULCERS ABSCESSES
SORES BOILS
BAD LEG ITCH
ECZEMA WOUNDS
IMPETIGO CHILBLAINS
CUTS ACHE

"Skin Healing Magic" is the only way to describe *Germolene* results!

6D 1/3, 3/-, & 12/- Per Tin

SOLD EVERYWHERE

ACID STOMACH

-now a thing of the past

To hear some people talk you would think Acid Stomach was an incurable disease. Nonsense. Look at me. I used to suffer from Excess Acid in my stomach as badly as any man living. But not now. No, Sir.

What is the Secret of my Cure? Simplest thing in the world. One single 2/- bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder soon corrects excess acid

Excessive acidity arises from a variety of causes—irregular or rushed meals, unsuitable food, worry, etc. Whatever the cause, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder soon corrects hyper-acidity. Here is the explanation. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder does four things for you from the first dose.

(1) It neutralises the acid which is eating into the stomach wall and causing pain.
(2) It cleans the stomach and enables the body to extract its proper nourishment from your food.
(3) It puts a protective coating over the inflamed or delicate parts of the stomach, thus preventing the development of dangerous ulcers, etc.
(4) It cleanses the intestines, thus preventing food waste from poisoning the system.

If you suffer from any form of stomach trouble, get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder straightaway. You will soon be able to enjoy your meals again without a trace of Indigestion.

Be sure to ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" appears on bottle and carton. It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets; also pocket tins of Tablets 9d.

Look for the signature— *Alex. C. Maclean*

MACLEAN
Brand Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

CAPENSIS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE

Economise

Economise by buying CAPENSIS, the BIG TOILET ROLL that costs only 3d. Every sheet of CAPENSIS is specially crinkled for **extra** softness.

The Big Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household

COLDS
'FLU CHILLS ENDED FOR 2D

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/-. Single Powders 3d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS will end all the unpleasant symptoms of a Cold—break up a 'Flu attack—stop the shivering, aching agony of a Chill. They are quicker-acting because of their special powder form—they cost only 2d. each, but the relief they bring is worth more than gold. Get **YOUR** supply **NOW!** Also wonderful for **PAINS** and **RHEUMATISM!**

BEECHAMS POWDERS

Painful PILES Banished by Zam-Buk

WHY should you suffer from the burning irritation, swelling and bleeding of piles (hæmorrhoids) when there's Zam-Buk? This world-famed herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use it regularly.

For Inward PILES — *In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.*

SOLID ZAM-BUK

Accept this FREE OFFER
Generous Sample of Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis

Would you like to try Angier's Brand Emulsion, the most invigorating tonic of its kind and a standard treatment for colds, coughs and catarrhal affections?

A generous sample will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on p. 27, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.29), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp to cover cost of postage, etc.

Send for this
FREE CATALOGUE
of the New Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair
—It adjusts itself!

Don't overlook the offer on page 29. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Head Office.

CALLOUSES?

Instantly stop the burning pain and quickly loosen and remove callouses with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing pads stop pressure on the sore spot; Special sizes also supplied for Corns and Bunions.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS 1/3 per packet.

WIN John Bull's MONSTER 10TH X-WORD BIRTHDAY PRIZE!

£4 WEEKLY for LIFE

with £10 BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION and £1,000

£150 BETWEEN RUNNERS UP

UNLIMITED NEW 10-in-1 BIRTHDAY GIFTS—One to each prize-winner who submitted 4 or more entries (8 squares or over) in same envelope.

FREE ENTRY—Allowed with each 1s. 6d. paid entry.

MIGHTY 3-in-1 PRIZE—or £2,000 CASH

YOUR dreams of independence for life can come true in the giant Offer on this page which celebrates "JOHN BULL'S" 10th Crossword Birthday.

A few days after posting your entry you may be looking at life from a new point of vantage, thanks to having won a Life Pension of £4 weekly, £10 Gift and £1,000 Cash!

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Stubborn one may be a nuisance to get rid of
6. You'd probably be rather surprised to learn that this bears fruit
7. Exist in snares
8. With which one may get runners
9. Amateur entertainers sometimes waste
10. At end of wits
13. One can't get these out without preparing the ground first
15. People often suspect there's something in this when conjurer commences
18. It's apt to be difficult to nail one
19. Cautious motorist would be unlikely to drink this when on road
23. You'll find this for cooking in well-equipped kitchen
24. It may be duty on this which helps to make it expensive

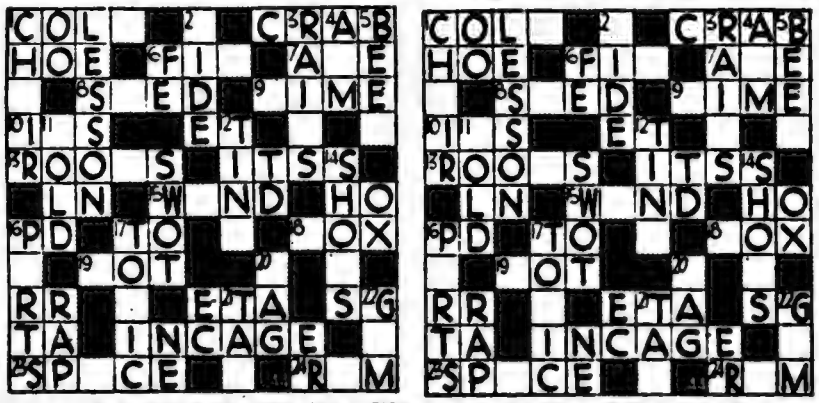
DOWN CLUES.

1. Poor one is likely to let you down
2. Country road is occasionally this
3. It's serious to be caught out when these fall heavily
4. One of your limbs
5. Chucker-out in pub probably has plenty of this
11. Informed
12. May be specially chosen by painter buying colour
14. Good ones on stage are often applauded
16. In car engines these are very important
17. Drinking one is apt to be unpleasant at times
20. There's usually a good story in an old one
21. A good one is smart
22. Just right for scrape

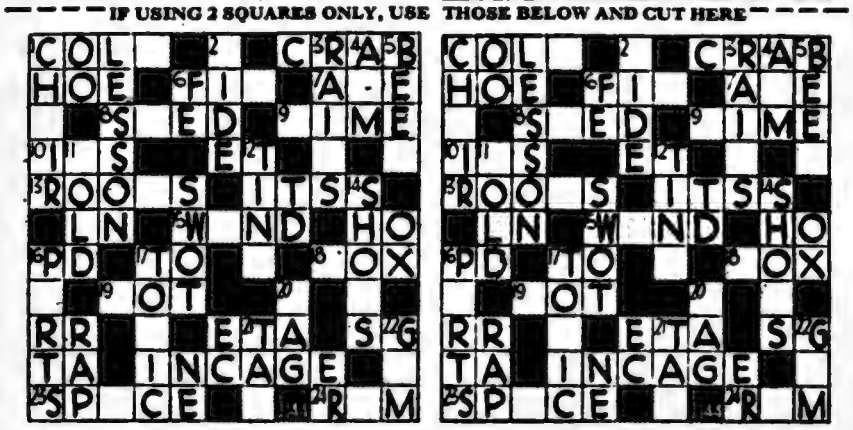
COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES: Sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" coupon FREE for Contest No. 1,160 on page 39, provided combined entry is posted not later than Sat., March 4. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 144. Closing Postmark Thurs., Mar. 9, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d. 4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 144, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comrs.)

£1,900 and 20 Darts Cabinets Won in Crossword No. 141.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 141, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one square (see on right) were the following 4 competitors:—

Mrs. B. BROWN, 16, Dewber St., Milnsbridge, Huddersfield.
R. E. HUTTON, 80, The Circuit, Cheadle Hulme, Manchester.
Miss F. PALMER, 3, Hambly Mansions, London, S.W.16.
Mrs. E. A. PARDOE, 47, Morston Rd., Worcester Park, Surrey.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £1,750, and a cheque for £437 10s. 6d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 28, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 20 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £7 10s. 6d., together with a super Darts Cabinet or Case of Groceries if preferred. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. BOOT. 3. TOOL. 7. VIOLA. 9. SHAVE. 11. RAT. 17. RID. 20. (Clue cancelled.) 21. DRILL or DROLL. 22. OVER. 23. COG or DOG. 24. SLICK.
DOWN.—1. BORE. 2. CAST. 4. OVER. 5. PADS. 6. PAT. 8. LINES. 10. VASE. 12. ACT. 13. POST. 14. RAIL. 15. SLIP. 18. RHY. 18. FALL. 19. ALE.

WINNING SQUARE

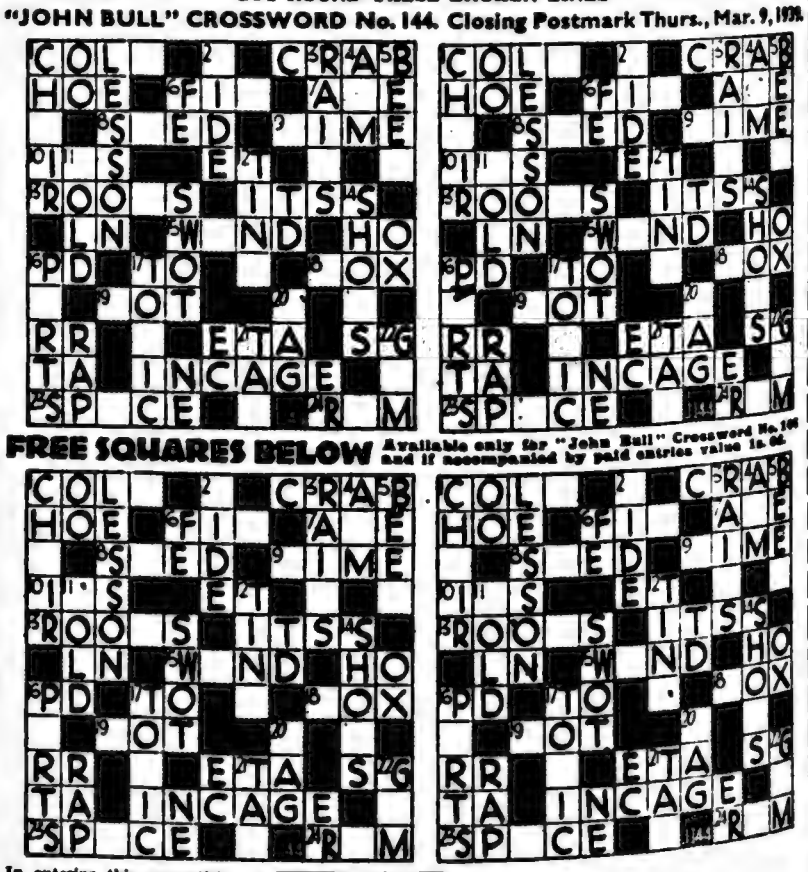
The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points DRILL or DROLL and COG or DOG were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Remaining blank spaces indicate that, as announced in issue dated February 11, any Answer given at this point was disregarded in adjudication, owing to error in Clue's wording.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 144. Closing Postmark Thurs., Mar. 9, 1939.



FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 144 and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....
Two squares above FREE if sending 6 squares with P.O. for 1s. 6d.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

FURTHER SQUARES NEXT WEEK—RULES ON PAGE 37

CROSSWORD No. 144.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the 144th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit., and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 23, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S then weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to "Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £2,000 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed **FREE** with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, March 9, 1939.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 23. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 28, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £2,000 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6. Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Would *You* Like a Tube of Toothpaste——Free?

Readers who post the Coupon on page 22 can get a free sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Test its cleaning properties by accepting this trial offer. Fill in and post Coupon on page 22 NOW!

FUN *for all the* FAMILY

There's a big thrill for young and old—"Mickey Mouse Weekly"—OUT TODAY! It's packed with fun for everybody—real Walt Disney cartoons of Mickey, Donald and all the Gang. Hurry for a copy NOW—2d.

MICKEY MOUSE WEEKLY

TWOPENCE EVERY FRIDAY

YOU CAN BANISH EPIDEMIC COMPLAINTS with 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' does not harm the Heart

Quickest! Safest! Surest!

'FLU, COLDS, CHICKEN POX, SORE THROATS are about

Epidemics of colds, 'flu and feverish complaints are rampant. If neglected they may lead to serious complications. 'ASPRO' banishes feverishness . . . If you stop the feverishness, you stop the development of the complaint. 'ASPRO' is an internal antiseptic—a germicide and promotes the elimination of uric acid, so with 'ASPRO' tablets you can stamp out many complaints at their inception. If you already have them, 'ASPRO' deals with them effectively for the scientific reasons stated above. So it is wise to keep 'ASPRO' handy. Take it at inception for the feverishness. If the throat is affected—if it feels sore—gargle with 'ASPRO'. Then you will prevent the complications and arrest the spread of the infection. You are on safe grounds when you take 'ASPRO', for 'ASPRO' attacks the causes of numerous complaints. It helps all. Try 'ASPRO' to-day—it will protect and give healing service to every member of your family.

MORE CONVINCING TESTIMONY—

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH IMITATIONS

CONTINUAL COLDS NOW STOPPED BY 'ASPRO'

96 Thessaly Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate 'ASPROS'. I was always suffering with colds, one after the other, until I tried 'ASPROS'. Since then I very seldom have a cold.

Two 'ASPROS' and a glass of hot milk, on retiring, have often stopped an attack of 'flu in my family. Personally I am never without a packet. I will always recommend them to my friends.

Yours gratefully,
E. H. ALGAR.

TERRIBLY SORE THROAT RELIEVED

Dear Sirs, Southall.

I am writing to tell you what 'ASPRO' did for me. I never had a wink of sleep for a full fortnight. I was just about mad with pain in my head and my throat was terribly sore. I did not know where to put myself.

I got my husband to get me a packet of 'ASPRO' and this is the positive truth. After I had taken them I got a good night's sleep and felt almost better next morning. I had always had great faith in 'ASPRO' and always will.

Believe me, this is quite true—every word.

Yours truly,
T. McVEY (Mrs.).

CHICKEN POX TESTIMONY

Mrs. E. W., of Crosshills, nr. Keighley, writes: "I have been a user of 'ASPRO' ever since they came out, and found them very good for headaches. Chicken pox is raging at the schools just now and the children nearly all start with a headache and very high temperature. I really thought my little boy was commencing with the 'flu. I crushed an 'ASPRO' in a spoon, sprinkled sugar on the top (and mind you the sweat was pouring out of him and he was tossing about all night with headache), but as a result of the 'ASPRO' taken at twelve o'clock at night and again in the morning, he was playing about in the bedroom with the chicken pox well out."

LANDLADY HELPED 'FLU SMASHED

A. G. R. writes from Deepcut, near Aldershot, Hants.: "I have always kept 'ASPRO' by me as I have suffered with headaches now and again since the war but last week I had the 'flu and I took two 'ASPRO' tablets on retiring for the night and I found in the morning that I had lost all trace of the 'flu. Also my landlady did not believe in them but as she suffers with headaches I gave her two 'ASPRO' tablets and she has not had a headache since."

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LIMITED
SLOUGH BUCKS
Telephone: SLOUGH 600

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' BANISHES 'FLU

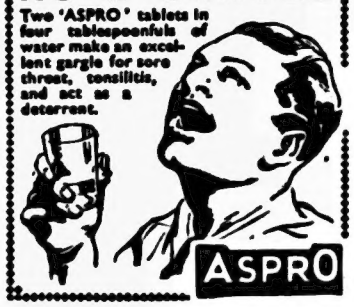
28 Lockwood Street, Monkgate, York.

Dear Sirs,

Just a few lines to let you know how thankful I am for your 'ASPRO.' I think they are marvellous tablets. I have been very ill with the 'flu for over a fortnight and was advised to try your famous 'ASPRO' with hot lemon juice, before going to bed, which I did and was thankful for the result. I was back at work two days after. I shall NOT BE WITHOUT THEM IN MY HOUSE. I shall always have them in my medicine chest.—Believe me, Yours truly,
(Sgd.) G. K. LEE.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

INDIGESTION

FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, and all kindred stomach ills

can be stopped!

Meggeson's Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets have brought blessed relief to hundreds of thousands of grateful users, for more than 40 years.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

Meggesons are made to a tried and proved prescription such as your own doctor would write for you. Ask him about them.

● Meggeson's marvellous prescription is embodied in handy, pleasant tablets which you can suck like sweets, anywhere, at any time—no water needed, no mixing, no stirring. The valuable ingredients soothe the agony of inflamed stomach walls, rapidly restore the tender membranes to healthy tissue, and by properly controlling the balance between acidity and alkalinity they produce true stomach-comfort.

● Chalk, for very good reasons, does not figure in the prescription. Meggesons contain no chalk.

Test this wonderful remedy for yourself FREE OF CHARGE. See below.

For your protection, sold only by Qualified Chemists. **1/3 and 3/3**

MEGGESON BRAND
DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

MEGGESON is a Trade-Mark identifying the products of Meggeson & Co., Ltd., London.

free! To MEGGESON & CO., LTD., (Dept. J.B.2), Llewellyn Street, London, S.E.16.

Please send me a Free Sample of your Meggeson Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets. I enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage.

Name.....

Address.....

Send for This FREE COOKERY BOOK

"Meals That Are Different"

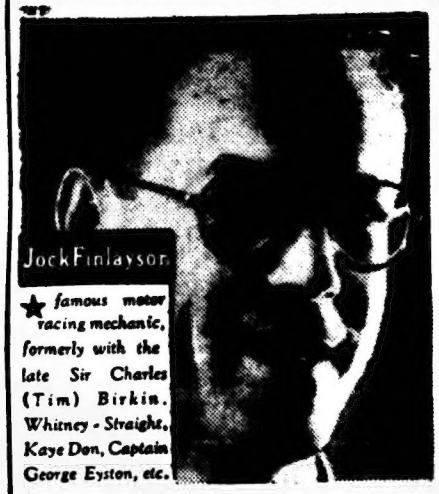
DON'T overlook the unique opportunity to secure a copy of this very useful book which is offered on p. 25. You will learn original ways of cooking eggs, special suggestions for cheese dishes, new cakes, etc., and a special section on health-giving dishes to suit each season. Every housewife and cook ought to have this valuable reference book. Send for your free copy now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 25, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to the Stork Company, Dept. B3, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

Rough and red hands?

Heal them with—

Snowfire Tablet overnight

3d. Family Sizes 6d. & 7d.
Soft Snowfire in tins 3d.



★ famous motor racing mechanic, formerly with the late Sir Charles (Tim) Birkin, Whitney-Straight, Kaye Don, Captain George Eyston, etc.

Men like these rely on

Lybro OVERALLS

The men in the headlines wear Lybros for the same reason that the men who quietly go about their daily work wear them. It amounts to this: sensible men buy the best they can afford—that's the truest economy.

NO MATTER HOW YOU'RE BUILT THERE'S A LYBRO BUILT TO FIT YOU.

To banish "sleeve drag," boiler suit wearers should insist on Lybro patent

"LYSLEVE"

★ When there's a job to be done

GET INTO A Lybro

The Overall with the Graduated Fitting.

Workwear Ltd., Liverpool, 7.

LIVE Yeast is LIFE! **The Finest TONIC**

. . . Owing to its 'LIFE' and richness in *all* the B Vitamins, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a splendid GENERAL TONIC and a most effective remedy for

INDIGESTION, NERVES and NEURITIS

By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast conquers Indigestion, enriches the Blood and tones up the nerves in Nature's Own Way. Safe for all ages.

50 Tablets . . . 1/3
Family Size (150) 3/-
Vest-pocket Size 6d.
Of all Chemists

Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name.

Phillips TONIC YEAST REAL LIVE Yeast without drugs

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"Bullets" Illustrated: Dad Went Tobogganing, But "Tree" Altered Family History

The Editor Laughs Last

NAT (Darlington).—"I had a wow of a night with the boys recently and finished up in the police station." You're lucky. We usually find our way home.

MRS. K. (Chalkwell).—"I have two eyes and two ears and am determined to use them to gain my ends." Don't you wish you had two tongues?

L. D. (Hanley).—"The palmist said she was unable to read my hand because there was one thing lacking. I wonder what it could have been?" Soap?

G. F. (Chelsea).—"When the old actor took a curtain I thought he bowed very awkwardly." Perhaps he was simply ducking from force of habit?

E. N. (Wells).—"Who doesn't look forward to the spring?" Any mouse, if the cat means business.

CLERK (Mayfield).—"I'm looking for a new post." You'll probably find one in the local timber yard.

S. N. (Lancing).—"Cars at one time were made of scrap metal." Nowadays, the reverse is the case.

G. S. (Burgess Hill).—"When I kissed her she said that she didn't think I was that kind." Did you tell her you're even kinder than that?

S. C. (Lee).—"The fact that a man's on his hands and knees in the road doesn't prove that he's inebriated." But what if he tries to roll up the white line?

S. L. (Sutton).—"A post-office official tells of a foreigner who enquired for a cat and dog licence." And was he referred to the registrar's office?

W. R. (Purley).—"When I was a child I was told that if I made ugly faces I should stay like it." Well, you can't say you weren't warned.

E. N. (Halifax).—"It is a good sign when employees whistle while at work." We doubt if a foreman in a glass-blowing factory would think so.

R. V. (Preston).—"Anything filled with hay makes a nice soft seat." We didn't think so after our first ride on horseback.

* * *

PRODUCER (Elstree).—"To shoot an aeroplane scene in the film we're making, we had to fly to a height of over one thousand feet." You wanted to get the right atmosphere?

H. J. G. (Aberdare).—"Does one really require talent to make a living writing jokes for the humorous magazines?" No; all you need is a steady income from some other source.

D. B. (Paignton).—"It is utter rot that a bride should always be described as blushing." No, it isn't, when you remember what the bridegroom often looks like in church.

D. H. (Newton Abbot).—"An editor friend of mine received an income-tax demand of such proportions that, obviously, it was intended for someone else." So he returned it with a rejection slip?

O. R. (Maidstone).—"I told my wife she was a darling and the eighth wonder of the world. She didn't seem to be pleased about it." Perhaps she wonders who the other seven are.

B. H. (Rochford).—"My landlady has given me pineapple chunks for dinner for the last six days." See letter below.

MRS. K. (Rochford).—"My new lodger complained last week that I never gave him a square meal." See letter above.

* * *

THELMA (Durham).—"We girls like a man who is a bit of a card." You then know how to deal with him?

P. K. (Luton).—"What is better than an hour's hard digging in the garden after tea?" Sorry, but the list is too long to publish on this page.

S. L. (Lapworth).—"Hunting is a sport in which there is no gambling." Due, perhaps, to the impossibility of shuffling the pack.

N. R. (Southport).—"Many women get quite wild if they cannot go to a sale." And some get even wilder when they do go to one.

E. O. (Rainham).—"How would you describe a really rich man?" One who has so many gold teeth that he has to sleep with his head in a safe.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (London, N.).—"City men are so careless that one in every nine leaves his umbrella behind when he travels." The other eight, we suppose, hope to become Prime Minister one day?

E. N. (Ivybridge).—"I've been digging all the winter where the diviner recommended, but have found no signs of water yet. What would you advise me to do?" Wait for the spring.

* * *

CRITIC (Kegworth).—"Many a prolific and fluent writer is at a loss when suddenly called upon to use his tongue." That's the worst of keeping the thing in one's cheek so much.

S. M. (Chelmsford).—"I've quarrelled with my best friend because he accused me of swindling him out of five pounds. That was too much!" How much was it, then?

HOUSEWIFE (E[illegible]).—"What is the best time to break a cooking egg in?" Two.

TENOR (Aldershot).—"The audience called me back three times after I sing 'Thora.'" And did you eventually get it right?

MILDRED (Welwyn).—"Do you think a girl should change her boy friend because he kisses her against her will?" No, her will.

TOM (Everton).—"Can you advise me to go to London to see the Cup Final this year?" Well, if you don't, you will.

R. L. (Hatfield).—"I would give a lot of money for a really good night out visiting the fashionable night clubs of London." You most certainly would.

O. S. M. (Chester).—"Let's help unemployment this year by extra spending to make a real celebration of Easter." Suggestion accepted—see page 39.

A. K. (London, E.).—"You don't know how nervous I was when I proposed to her." And you don't know how nervous she was until you proposed.

T. L. (Lincoln).—"Now is the time to sharpen and polish up gardening tools in preparation for the busy time ahead." Yes, but suppose your neighbour catches you sneaking into his shed?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—". . . after which a sausage-and-wash supper was served."

SUNDAY REFEREE:—". . . asking that justice should be TEMPERED with mercy . . ."

SLEAFORD STANDARD:—". . . Mr. H. . . . comes of a long line of WILDFOWLERS . . . killed 27 geese at one shot."

THE BOGNOR REGIS POST:—". . . was vigilant and to take obviously lost collarless DOGS to the nearest police station."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . and used an imitation FIREMAN with intent to prevent arrest."

MONTGOMERYSHIRE COUNTY TIMES:—"Continuous nightly, 6 to 10.45. . . . BOOING fee."

GOING away for Easter? Perhaps you have not thought about it yet, but soon the welcome spring holiday will be here. Before you to-day is a one-week opportunity to capture a golden First Prize nest-egg *and* celebrate the occasion with a Millionaire's Easter Holiday!

Enter the best *Bullet* of this seasonable Offer and on Friday, March 17, a gay greetings telegram will bring you congratulations on capturing £300 and a free Celebration Holiday. A big batch of cheques supports this fine 2-in-1 First and these are followed by 30 big Easter Hampers, each containing a splendid Aylesbury Duckling, Fresh Green Peas in pod, Easter Cake, Cigarettes, Easter Egg and Port. Help yourself to this feast of seasonable prizes by turning now to the *Examples* and following the simple instructions below.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, LOST CHILD, you might jot down, *League of Nations — Our Fault*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, LOST CHILD—GENEVA—HER PARENTS "STRAYED."

Study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,156th Contest on this page and then start on your own efforts without delay, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, March 4.

BULLETS' 1,156 RESULT

First Prize, £1,000—or £2 Weekly plus Nine Other Fine Presentations:

S. CLARKE, 14, Drayton Bridge Road, London, W.7.

Example: WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS
Bullet: CROPS—REMEMBER "CLOSE SHAVE"!

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

. McGHEE, 20, Ophir Gardens, Belfast.
ple: Why Life's Like Football
t: "Home Crowd's" Missed Away.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

L. GILBERT, 32, Prospect Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
ple: For The Children
t: I'm "Gee-gee"—I'm "Terrier."

OTHER PRIZES:

E. E. FLETCHER, 11a, Canteloupe Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.
at The Country Needs—Politicians Think Small Potatoes."

A. E. FOOTTIT, 436, Newark Road, Lincoln.
ce Goal—World Seeing *Through* Umbrella.

J. BRAND, 14, The Gardens, London, S.E.
nt Mars—Between Mankind And "Sunshine."

A. BRAYSHAW, 26, Greenfield Road, South Cliff, Scarborough.
me Against Humanity—Hitler *Doesn't* tolerate, Unemployment.

G. SIMMONDS, 197, Tonbridge Road, Maidstone.
n With Drive—Failed—Thought Employees Hero."

PENSION PRIZE NEXT WEEK—THEN "BULLETS" IDEAL HOME!

H. C. CLARKE, 7, Waltaere, Yealmpton, Plymouth.
oss The Frontier—"Blinded" Always See "Enemies.

T. STEEL, 15, Acacia Street, Horden, Durham.
n't Do—Sterile Land—Stir, Island!

B. J. COX, 158, North Road, St. Helens, Lancs.
bition's Flame—Kept Lit—Capped Let.

0 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

ALEFOUNDER, 50, Ebers Road, Nottingham.
Too Late—Nor "Too Proud," Roosevelt.

XENDALE, 490, Manchester Road, Westoughton, Lancs.
With Drive—So Forgive Belisha Skids"!

DOBBS, 17, Connaught Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.
t The Country Needs—So Obvious, Commission's Appointed!

WNE, Devoran, Shiphay Lane, Torquay.
t Mars—Bring Down—Bring "Dawn"!

MAN, 11, Norfolk Road, Margate.
e Money—Incentive Making Man Incentive.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

MURDERER MARS
WHAT ROOSEVELT SAYS TO HITLER
MAN BEHIND THE PLOUGH
POOR THING
TWO'S COMPANY, BUT THREE'S A CROWD
WHEN MOTHER GOES SHOPPING
WISE WOMAN
THE COLONEL GLARED AND
HARD FACTS
FROM THE SEA
BLIND
SPANIARD v. SPANIARD
HEARD SOMETHING
GRAND NATIONAL
DAD'S LOOKING FOR WORK, BUT
LOST CHILD
PITY THE NURSE WHEN
AT THE NEWLYWEDS'
HE'S A POLITICIAN, SO
CITIZEN OF THE FUTURE
BLESSINGS OF PEACE
DESERT OF LONELINESS

C. LOBLEY, 56, Albert Terrace, Halifax Road, Dewsbury.
Bond Of Brotherhood—All Tieing—All "Winners."

Mrs. B. PIGGOTT, 45, Cambridge Road, Girton, Cambs.
Tomfoolery—Mustn't Nail Unemployed's "Coffin."

G. RODGERS, 58, Heriot Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
Bond Of Brotherhood—"Does Yours Nag, Too?"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. G. SAWTELL, 77, Ashmore Road, Paddington, W.
Dad's A Plumber, So—Plumber Used Dad's Tools!

Mrs. A. THORPE, 26, Seymour Street, Denton, Manchester.
Bond Of Brotherhood—Same College—Same Queue!

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,160 and Crossword No. 144, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,160) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Closing postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 4.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,160) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Closing postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 4.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY MARCH 4.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,160) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Closing postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 4.

Signed .....
Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,160, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, your Free Entry may be written on plain paper and enclosed with paid entry or prize coupons.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,160 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £350 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,155 will be displayed in the window of Miss H. Cohen, 148, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester, 8.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed / & Co./

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,160, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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1/- HALF PRICE BARGAINS! TYROLEAN MODELS

FEATURING THE ATTRACTIVE *Dirndl* WAIST
IN FLORALS · SELF COLOUR · NEWEST FRENCH STRIPES

20/- VALUE FOR 9/11
1/- DOWN
2/- MONTHLY

Value Thrill of a Lifetime! Here's Fashion's newest and neatest waistline trick—the Dirndl waist—in a frock that's brimful of youth and charm. Peter Pan collar and bodice front enlivened with chic multicoloured braid; high shouldered sleeves; a swishy, full cut skirt. Rich, lustrous 100% Art Silk of beautiful quality, printed in a tiny floral pattern; in French Blue, Heather Brown or Navy.

SIZES: Hips 34 to 44 ins.; Lengths 45 or 47 ins. State Colour and Size.

ORDER ON APPROVAL No. 63E/4115...1/- down.

Half Price Bargain! Last-minute Tyrolean fashion—with the new Dirndl waist that laces up to stress your slimness. In a marvellous heavyweight Art Silk fabric, proved by "Lux" Test to wash perfectly. Attractive new neckline; high shouldered sleeves; a row of contrasting buttons. Skirt cut full to swing at every step! Slenderising woven French stripes in Navy, French Blue or Brown.

SIZES: Hips 34 to 44 ins.; Length 45 or 47 ins. State Colour and Size.

ORDER ON APPROVAL No. 63E/4112 ... 1/- down

This picturesque Tyrolean style with its pretty elastic Dirndl waist is front-page fashion news! And at 9/11 the value can only be described as sensational! Of heavy 100% Art Silk Marocain in a quality we've never before seen at such a low price. Peter Pan collar ties up at neck; high shouldered sleeves. In plain shades of Dahlia, Flight Blue, Spring Tan or Navy.

SIZES: Hips 34 to 44 ins.; Lengths 45 or 47 ins.

State Colour and Size.

ORDER ON APPROVAL No. 63E/4126 1/- down.

Actually worth 20/-! A youthful fashion featuring the new, picturesque elastic Dirndl waist and full swirling skirt. Low-priced, yet it's in a delightful heavyweight Art Silk fabric of "Lux" tested, tub-and-tub-again quality! Lofty, upstanding shoulders; chic fashion details on bodice. Slenderising woven French stripes in Navy, French Blue or Brown. Own it now for only 1/- down!

SIZES: Hips 34 to 44 ins.; Length 45 or 47 ins.

State Colour and Size.

ORDER ON APPROVAL No. 63E/4113 1/- down

To MARSHALL WARD, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Wembley, London,

I enclose 1/- for your Special Fashion Offer No:..... to be sent to me ON APPROVAL. If I return same, you are to refund my full postal order and also cost of return postage. Otherwise I will pay 2/- each month until your special price of 9/11, plus 9d. postage, is paid.

Colour..... Hip Size..... Length .....

NAME { Husband..... (*Please state first and last names in full*). Wife..... (*If unmarried please state age.....*).

ADDRESS .....

Town..... County.....

Occupation ..... (*State husband's, if married*).

Have you bought from us before? .....

This offer applies only in England, Scotland and Wales.

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